
THE
WORKS
OF
JOHN HALL-STEVENSON, ESQ.

VOLUME II.

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THE
WORKS

JOHN HALL STEVENSON

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JOHN HALL STEVENSON

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VOLUME II

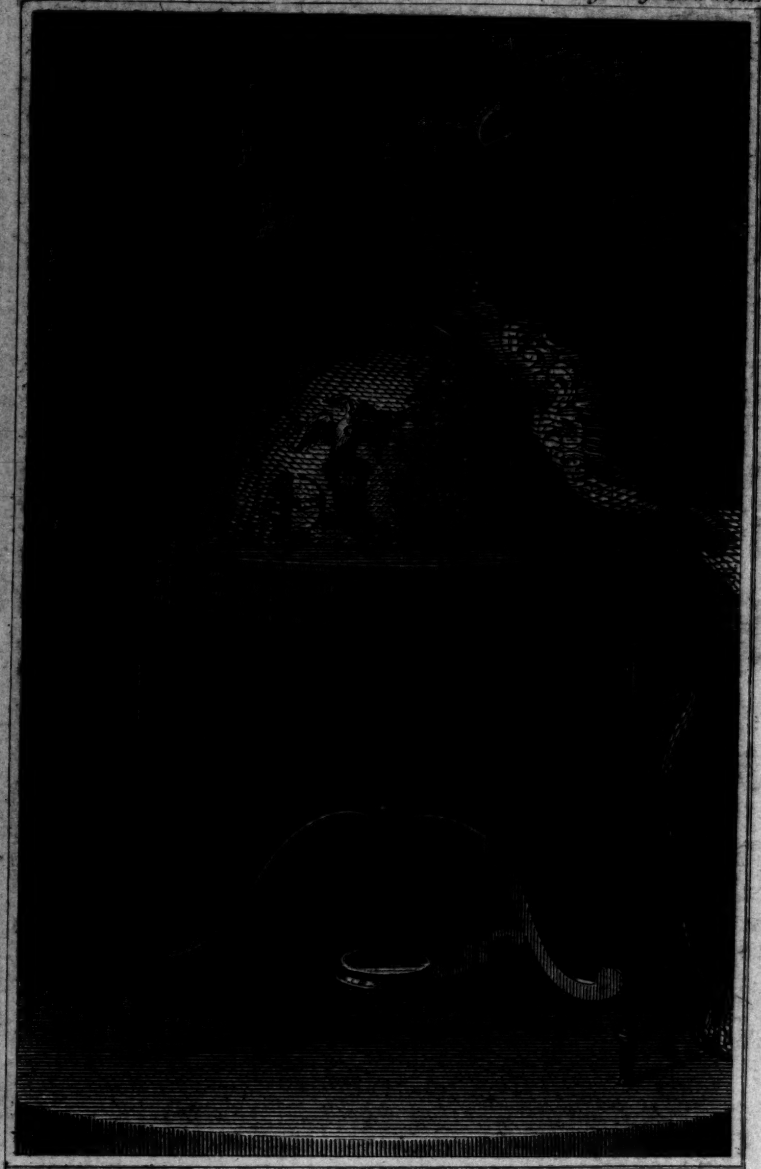
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THE INSTELLATION.

Frontispiece Vol. II.

Engraved for Hall's Works.



*Audiar
Æternum meditans decus
Stellis inserere.*

Published as the Act directs by J. Debrett, Dec^r 12th 1794.

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THE
WORKS
OF
JOHN HALL-STEVENSON, ESQ.

CONTAINING,

CRAZY TALES.	PASTORAL PUKE.
FABLES FOR GROWN	MACARONY FABLES.
GENTLEMEN.	LYRIC CONSOLATIONS.
LYRIC EPISTLES.	MORAL TALES.
PASTORAL CORDIAL.	MONKISH EPITAPHS.

&c. &c. &c.

CORRECTED AND ENLARGED.

WITH SEVERAL ORIGINAL POEMS,
NOW FIRST PRINTED, AND EXPLANATORY NOTES.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOLUME II.

LONDON,
PRINTED BY J. NICHOLS,
FOR J. DEBRET, PICCADILLY,
AND T. BECKETT, PALL-MALL.

MDCCXCV.

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are marked thus *.

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LYRIC CONSOLATIONS.

WITH THE
SPEECH OF ALDERMAN WILKES.

DELIVERED IN
A DREAM.

AT THE KING'S BENCH PRISON, THE EVENING
OF HIS INAUGURATION.

Written in 1768.

VOL. II.

A

TO

LYRIC CONSOLIDATIONS

THEORY OF ALGEBRA

THEORY

THEORY OF ALGEBRA

THEORY OF ALGEBRA

THEORY OF ALGEBRA



TO THE
VULGAR READER.

Odi profanum vulgus et arceo—

WHICH means no more in civil English than that I entreat you, gentlemen, not to give yourselves the trouble to read these Imitations; if they had been intended for your entertainment, they would have been executed in a different manner.

A poor friend of mine is at this instant languishing in a prison for what you must think a very uncommon case; many an honest and ingenious man has had the misfortune to be thrown into gaol for debt; no one, before my friend, for having paid his debts—in short, for giving up all he was worth to an honest tradesman upon a *simple* contract, without leaving himself one shilling to oppose the fictitious claims of a confederacy of attorneys.

These varlets, Gentlemen, have collected all the iniquity of the law into a focus to consume him, for no other reason but because he was a mortal enemy to their wicked practices. As I have no fixed possessions in this sublunary world, nor any movables of value but my poetry, I am exactly in the situation of another inspired writer, and can truly say, "silver and gold have I none; such as I have will I give unto thee"—these imitations therefore were intended for the amusement of my friend, and of all those who, like him, are in trouble, and are troubled like him with more wit than money; a certain proof, Gentlemen, that you have no claim to any part of this benefaction, as it is well known that all of you have equal shares of both—and that many of you are immensely rich, have titles and privileges, and are not only blessed with the sun-shine of fortune, but are favoured with the moon-shine of the court. Enlightened by whose magic beams, you dance like fairies round an enchanted ring, and terrify weak mortals with your gambols.

Having

Having nothing farther to discuss with you at present, I beg leave, Gentlemen, for the sake of saving charges, to send a few lines under your cover to my afore said friends and brethren.

My dear friends, I know you will consider that imitations of Horace, in this manner, have never been well executed hitherto, and perhaps never will, unless some of you take that business out of the hands of the nobility and opulent gentry of this land, who have enjoyed, time out of mind, an exclusive right to all imitations of the odes of Horace, whether religious or prophane, moral or immoral, chaste and sober, or ebrious and unclean—their claim is derived from a concession of Juvenal—*Satur est, cum dicit Horatius, obe!* and therefore no one, say they, that is not saturated with claret and champagne, should presume to imitate his odes. Horace, it is true, has been always the favourite poet of the Court; but nothing can be concluded thence, for he has also been the favourite poet of the Church, insomuch
that

that many of our learned clergy have dedicated their whole lives to explain his text, and preserve it uncorrupted. Horace's lyre is to our clergy what Buchanan's bagpipes are to their brethren of Scotland, neither acknowledging any superior but David's harp. This attachment in both countries has its foundation in early education, and I believe is interwoven with the principles of our religion. I remember when I was at a public school, under the direction of a worthy divine, our first lesson for the morning service was a chapter of the Greek Testament, and the second was in *Totus Teres*, a favourite designation of my master, who was a facetious man; for his favourite Flaccus—(*Totus teres atque rotundus*): by his means I was introduced to Horace as early as the Evangelists, and contracted an intimacy with him, long before I had the happiness to have the least acquaintance with St. Paul.

I would not insinuate that the Horatian lyre may not be touched with as much grace and skill at a nobleman's

nobleman's or a rich commoner's modern feat in the country, as at the ancient seats of the Muses—the prisons and the garrets of this metropolis—the same taste and judgement, the same ease and spirit, with the same creative stamina, may be found in both—but the Muses will not be treated like kept mistresses for their loose pleasures, or to toy and trifle with after business or a debauch; those haughty damsels must possess the whole soul without a rival; the least appearance of avarice or ambition, or of any passion foreign to them, will draw down their contempt and indignation.

Wherefore finding in myself every disposition imaginable for their service, a most potent and strenuous inertness, with a sovereign inaptitude to any pursuit that can be deemed profitable, useful, or necessary, I can scarce doubt but my endeavours to be agreeable to the Nine will be more acceptable than the impertinent airs of men of quality and fortune, who think they do them an honour when they vouchsafe to take notice of them.

IMI-

IMITATIONS
OF
HORACE'S ODES.
BOOK III. ODE III.

TO JOHN WILKES, ESQ.

THE man religious to his word,
And a firm Christian, firm as you,
Whose principles are like his sword,
True to dame Honour, whilst she's true ;

Like you, may laugh at tyrant peers ;
Nor can the base apostate's vote,
Nor ruin, thundering in his ears,
Cram Tory nonsense down his throat.

Hambden and Pym by arts like these
To glorious patriots once gave law,
And now give nectar on their knees,
To both the Georges and Nassau.

Nor with less art fanatic Vane

Rul'd the wild Whigs by frantic pray'r,
Like tigers patient of the rein,
When Bacchus steps into the chair.

Cromwell, Bellona's charioteer,

Ascending to the realms of day,
With fiends and furies in his rear,
Through storms and thunder forc'd his way.

Thus to her Sydney Freedom spoke—

“ Trust thee I will, tho' oft betray'd ;
“ Tho' Wentworth *, for lewd folly's yoke,
“ Left me and the Athenian maid.

“ Remove yon foreign dame with speed,
“ That wicked judge, those courtiers vile,
“ Men that can neither write nor read,
“ And give me back my ravish'd isle.

* Lord Rockingham, who accepted the Treasury in 1765.

“ ’Tis well—I see the miscreants fly :

“ No Fav’rite now, with haughty mien,

“ Shall dare to rival kings, and try,

“ Like Villiers, to seduce a queen.

“ And with prophetic eyes I view

“ A monk, the last of Stuart’s race,

“ In exile, and his slavish crew

“ Of perjur’d Tories in disgrace

“ Treason and he to Rome are fled * ;

“ There let him reign without restraint ;

“ And, when the spurious monarch’s dead,

“ Let him be made a Roman saint.

“ Whilst seas divide us, let them shine,

“ Let saints and martyrs for them battle ;

“ Whilst Stuart’s tomb, like Becket’s shrine,

“ Is only trod by Romish cattle.

* Lord Bute went to Rome in 1768.

“ On Magna Charta’s solid base
 “ Britannia’s Majesty shall stand ;
 “ Confin’d alone by boundless space,
 “ Her sons shall conquer sea and land.

“ Nor showers of lead nor pointed steel
 “ Their native ardour shall withhold :
 “ Thrice happy, could they always feel
 “ The same innate contempt for gold.

“ O Britons ! whilst your banners wave
 “ In every clime, on every shore,
 “ Deep as the center make a grave,
 “ And bury that pernicious ore ;

“ Lest Tyranny again should rise,
 “ Enrich’d and strengthen’d by your gains,
 “ Dazzle your delegates weak eyes,
 “ And bind them fast in golden chains :

“ Chains which, however, soon or late,

“ I’ll break, as I have done before ;

“ Your chains are not like those of fate,

“ That tie the Frenchman to his oar.

“ For, should the Goths again prevail,

“ Should impious men again bear sway,

“ Their blaze shall, like a comet’s tail,

“ Awe none but fools, and pass away.

“ Ev’n if rebellion, a third time,

“ Shall rise again and leave her bed,

“ Freedom again shall load and prime,

“ And the Third Brunswick shoot her dead.”

But hold——this is too high a flight ;

I fear we both shall come to shame :

Return, my Muse, whilst we have light,

I am half blind, and you are lame.

BOOK IV. ODE IX.

TO LOLLIUS.

THOUGH born in an ungenial clime,
 Where T. with brawls his tribute pays,
 'Tis possible, my lord, for Time
 To fancy these uncommon lays.

If Shakspeare every Muse inspire,
 Sole sovereign of the tuneful throng,
 Praise still is due to Cowley's lyre,
 And Gray's sweet melancholy song.

Prior shall live with laughing eye
 Amongst the vivid sons of fame ;
 Maids ever weep, and widows sigh,
 And burn with Eloisa's flame.

Not Sparta's queen alone has tripp'd,
 Charm'd with fine breeding and fine clothes ;
 Other

Other fair princesses have flipp'd *,
And troubled the whole world's repose.

Teucer is not the only prince
Famous for shooting the long bow †.
Troy has been lost before, and since,
By cunning, with a patriot shew.

Heroes have bled as well as Hector,
Both for their minions and chaste wives;
Else how had Cromwell been protector,
Or Charles and Edward lost their lives?

Pitts with the same aspiring mind
In dark oblivion are gone down;
But they have not the luck to find
Churchills ‡ to hand them to renown.

* Brantome furnishes us with many examples of royal frailty.

† Cydonio arcu—the Cretan or long bow. See St. Paul's Epistle to Titus, chap. i. ver. 12. *Χρησασθαι βεβηκας*. The Stuart race of princes were as famous as Teucer for the Cretan bow.

‡ Charles Churchill the poet, who celebrates Lord Chatham in his works.

Worth, undistinguish'd by applause,
 But equals sloth ; nor shall the chief
 In livid silence guard our laws,
 Forgotten like a mouldy brief.

Supremely wise when wisdom's wanted,
 Prudent where caution is a merit,
 Upright, inflexible, undaunted,
 Pure and enlighten'd like a spirit.

Sworn enemy to falsehood base,
 Against corruption firm and steady,
 Not for one single heat or race,
 But always bootied, always ready.

You rose at Freedom's sacred call,
 Snatch'd her from th' invading great,
 Added new trophies to her hall,
 And fix'd the goddess in her seat.

'Tis

'Tis the wise use, not the possessing,
 The smiles of fortune or of kings,
 That can make wealth a real blessing,
 Or take from poverty her stings.

That dignifies the virtuous man,
 Scorning, though poor, to flinch or falter,
 Who for his prince or his dear clan
 Despises the impending halter.

ODE

BOOK III. ODE XXIX.

TO MÆCENAS.

OFFSPRING of British kings of yore,
To put your spirits in fine tune,
I have some Burgundy in store,
With roses for the tenth of June*.

Quit those damp glades, nor musing mope,
Enchanted with your arms across,
Fix'd like a statue on a slope,
Or the pagoda like a Joss.

Let not the noise of yon black city
One moment discompose your peace;
Look down on pomp awhile with pity,
And let fastidious plenty cease.

* The Pretender's birth day, when the Jacobites used to put white roses in their bosoms and hats.

A grate-

A grateful change to homely fare,
A cot, a barn-door fowl, and mutton,
Oft smoothe the anxious face of care,
And squeamishness herself turns glutton.

Now Phœbus rages, now the swain
With languor drives his fainting sheep
From the parch'd meads and fultry plain,
To silver streams and thickets deep.

Upon the Thames there's not a breeze,
No zephyr with expiring breath,
To animate those horrid trees,
Silent and motionless as death.

There you form all your decent plans,
To righteousness give a new birth;
And with your Tories and your clans
Govern the princes of the earth.

Heav'n

Heaven kindly keeps us in the dark,
 And, spite of all our fine-spun schemes,
 Laughs when we overshoot the mark,
 Both at our fears and sanguine dreams.

The present's all we have to heed ;
 Futurity is like a current ;
 Now smooth and pleasant as the Tweed,
 Now dreadful like a highland torrent.

Tumbling with fury down the vale,
 The rocks resound the mountains rattle ;
 Pines float along with groves of cale,
 Huts, plaids, blue bonnets, and black cattle.

Happy is he who lives to-day,
 Lives for himself, 'tis so much gain,
 Whether the next be sad or gay,
 Or the sun never rise again.

'Tis

'Tis done—nor can the power of fate
 Cancel and set the deed aside,
 Nor Fortune's insolence and hate
 That loves to mortify our pride.

Let her pursue her cruel sport,
 Past pleasures cannot be destroy'd ;
 She cannot, as she does at court,
 Vacate what we have once enjoy'd.

Faithful whilst she continues mine ;
 But, if she violates my bed,
 The painted harlot I resign,
 And Virtue, though unportion'd, wed.

When the storm beats, and seas run high,
 I shall not importune with prayers,
 The angry princes of the sky
 To spare my curious Cyprean wares.

Nor

Nor duped by hope, like many a one,
Stay blubbering beneath the deck,
But, when both mast and rudder's gone,
Take to my boat and leave the wreck.

BOOK IV. ODE XVth.

A TORY ODE *.

I Tried to sing, and touch'd my strings,
Of cities storm'd and conquer'd kings;
But Phœbus cried, What notes are these?
Forbear; nor let thy flimsy fail,
Swell'd by a light delusive gale,
Expose thee to the classic seas.

This age has brought us golden days,
Our guardian faint is cloy'd with praise,
With trophies and triumphant banners;
He lets St. Andrew clear the coast,
And drive the Whigs from every post,
To sweeten and correct their manners.

* Alludes to the Accession of the Tories to power and places, soon after the Accession of George the Third.

Cæsar has shut the gates of Janus *,
 And our Mæcenas † to contain us,
 Apt to be mutinous and idle,
 Vamps the old arts, and makes them fit,
 And changes Pelham's foolish bit
 For Mansfield's scientific bridle.

By these old arts, Britannia's fame,
 Diffusive as the Roman name,
 In every clime has fix'd her standard,
 As far as from the farthest West
 To where the Phoenix builds her nest,
 As far as ever Scotchman wander'd.

Whilst Tories rule, no civil fury,
 No persecuting judge nor jury,
 Shall interrupt our sweet repose ;
 No angry parties draw their swords,
 No leaders with big looks and words,
 Shall lead their princes by the nose.

* The peace made by the King, in 1763.

† Lord Bute.

Our laws like thunderbolts are hurl'd,
 And echo'd round the conquer'd world,
 Their voice the stoutest heart appals,
 Sachems in awful horror bound,
 Hear not with wonder more profound
 Niagara's tremendous falls.

Whilst we, our wives and children, all
 Asssembled in the good old hall,
 And every neighbour young and old,
 With Christmas merriment and cheer,
 Plenty of cider, punch, and beer,
 Fiddles and pipes like barons bold,

Shall toast with bumpers and huzzas
 The chiefs that fell in the old cause,
 And celebrate the heavenly breed,
 Sprung from a Latian swain's embrace *,
 When Venus took the form and face
 Of the fair daughter of the Tweed.

* The Anchises of the Tories was an Italian fidler.

BOOK XXIV. ODE VIII.

TO DANIEL WEBB, ESQ.

I Would, with all my heart and soul,
 Send every friend a golden bowl,
 And with each bowl a purse of gold,
 To fill the bowl and make it smile,
 And to secure the bowl awhile,
 From being either pawn'd or fold.

To every military friend,
 Heroick tripods I would send,
 Tripods fit only for brave fellows,
 That is to say, crutches a pair,
 And one stout leg of the same ware,
 Made like the nosel of a bellows.

* The ingenious author of the admired treatises on Painting, Poetry,
 Music, &c. &c.

Pictures

Pictures I'd send of every school,
 I am so generous a fool,
 With statues too and busts for niches,
 These I would send to none but you,
 The prince and mirror of virtù,
 If I was master of such riches.

As to virtù, that point's decided,
 You are sufficiently provided ;
 All that you want of me is metre,
 You may have plenty at my forge,
 I need not steal, like thrifty George *,
 From Paul, in order to pay Peter.

I know the price of lyric song
 Easy, yet elegantly strong,
 And know that Beckford's head of marble,
 I mean that head the sculptor made,
 That marble head will sooner fade,
 Than any songs the Muses warble.

* George Grenville.

Your fame must fly with wings of paper,
 Be you a Wolfe, a Howe, a Draper,
 Victor at Minden or at Canna,
 Or legislator great as he,
 That led the Jews through the Red Sea,
 And pamper'd them with quails and manna.

Great bards great favours can bestow,
 In heaven above or hell below,
 They can convey you with a nod,
 From Styx, whenever they think fit,
 And call you up to heaven by writ,
 And make you an immortal god.

Lollius * with Æacus may dwell;
 Minos and he may judge in hell,
 When future poets sing his worth,
 Bute may, like Enoch, be translated,
 Then made a star, and made related
 To *slow* *Bootes* of the North †.

And

* Lord Mansfield.

† I know there is classical authority for this epithet,

Sive est arctophylax sive est piger ille Bootes. Ov. Fast. iii. 405.

And Sandwich, if the Muses please,
 Shall outwit Mercury with ease,
 And my lord duke outshine Apollo,
 And each Olympick peer outvie
 Castor the jockey of the sky,
 And Rigby bold beat Bacchus hollow.

Yet I cannot help fancying the author wrote Sly, instead of Slow
 Bootes; he is represented in his northern situation watching his charge
 with unremitting vigilance; and I am apt to believe that our Sly
 Boots is a contraction of Bootes. I have seen the same thought in a
 manuscript collection of verses composed by the professors of a famous
 university upon the Revolution in 1760. It was beautifully pursued
 in the verses of the astronomy professor, which struck me so that I still
 retain them,

Attendant upon Charles's wane,
 Bootes, commonly called Bute,
 The brightest star in all his train,
 Without all manner of dispute:
 May thou forever fixt remain,
 Cunning and watchful as the dragon:
 Let Urfa Minor break his chain,
 And overturn the northern waggon.

BOOK I. ODE X.

To MERCURY *.

GRANDSON of Atlas, the most chaste †
 Reformer of the lewd and wicked,
 Moulding green senators like paste,
 By catches and decorous cricket.

Thee messenger of Jove I'll sing,
 Professor of the crooked lyre,
 Jocofely stealing to the spring,
 Through every crooked dark desire.

Robb'd and betray'd, ungodly John ‡,
 Threatning to shoot thee through the liver,
 Laugh'd when he found his arrows gone,
 And saw thee sporting with his quiver.

* Lord Sandwich grandson of the celebrated Wilmot Earl of Rochester.

† Whoever heard besides this author, that Atlas the father of Maia was remarkable for chastity? *Critical Review*.

‡ John Wilkes.

Leaving

Leaving the Whigs at thy persuasion,
 Whilst Pelham's beacons blaz'd in vain,
 Dives forgot his flaggellation *,
 And turn'd a Cocobite again.

To pious souls, delightful benches,
 Blest Lord ! thy golden rod assigns,
 And works great marvels on light wenches,
 Grateful to princes and divines †.

* Alluding to a transaction of great notoriety, which happened to the Duke of Bedford at Litchfield.

† *Superis deorum gratus et imis.*

Grateful to princes and divines.

As the author has not sufficiently declared which of these personages are the *superi deorum*, we presume, that he leaves them at liberty to toss up for it. *Monthly Review.*

BOOK II. ODE VIII.

TO NELLY OBRIEN.

Dr. Bentley has many ingenious conjectures about the name of the person to whom this Ode is inscribed; he insists upon it that Barine is neither a Greek nor Roman name. The Society of Irish antiquarians have confirmed the doctor's opinion, and proved clearly that Barine is a Celtic name, by a poetical metathesis or transposition of the letters from Obrien.

I Would believe you once again,
 Were you a tooth or nail the worse
 For every oath you take in vain,
 And every violated curse :

Though you bid Jafus fire your bones,
 Confound yourself and all your kin;
 Blast those bright eyes like precious stones;
 Damn Helen's limbs and Leda's skin,

False

Falſe and forſworn a thouſand times,
 Obrien's ſtill the public toaſt,
 Still grows more lovely from her crimes,
 Godby's intrigue and Welche's boaſt.

Thy perjury and ſubtle arts,
 Venus and Cupid ſmiling view ;
 Fell love that whets with blood his darts,
 On whetſtone of infernal blue *.

For thee our youth ſhoot up and grow ;
 Each day adds captives to thy ſtore ;
 Nor can the old exhausted beau
 Forbear to hanker at thy door.

Mothers and miſers fear thee ſtill ;
 Young beauteous brides are in alarms,
 Left thy maturer charms and ſkill
 Should draw their huſbands to thy arms.

* Lapis infernalis, or the blue ſtone.

THE APOTHEOSIS OR THE INSTELLATION.

BOOK III. ODE XXV.

TO BACCHUS.

WHITHER, O Bacchus, am I hurry'd,
 O'er mountains high, thro' woods and valleys;
 How are my spirits tofs'd and flurry'd,
 With sudden and unwonted fallies!

Where can I find a cave to muse
 Upon his lordship's envied glory;
 Which of the Nine dare to refuse
 To tell the strange and recent story?

Mounting I saw the egregious lord *,
 O'er all impediments and bars;
 I saw him at Jove's council-board,
 And saw him stuck amongst the stars.

* Lord Bute, made Knight of the Garter.

Not more amaz'd, with ivy crown'd,
 Thy priestess, having booz'd all night,
 In chains of ice fees Hebrus bound,
 And all the Thracian mountains white.

I saw him top the Pyrenees,
 And lost him in the blaze of day;
 At night I spy'd him at his ease,
 With Anser in the milky way.

Thou, to whom Naiads bend their knees,
 That nightly sport in Charlotte's * bowers,
 Whose hands can pluck up forest trees,
 As easily as gather flowers ;

Deign to inspire my feeble song ;
 Deign to accompany my flight ;
 Inform me, Bacchus, when I'm wrong,
 Invigorate me when I'm right.

* Charlotte Hayes.

I hate

I hate tame themes, abhor tame measure,
And scorn the vulgar's tasteless praises :
'Tis hazardous ; -but O what pleasure
To reel with thee through pathless mazes !

BOOK III. ODE XXVI.

TO VENUS.

ONCE, though not lately, I confess,
I lov'd, and lov'd with some success;
But now, ay now, 'tis quite provoking,
Now I will hang up my fine cloaths,
Hang up my harp and take to prose,
And try to turn my pipe to smoaking.

Samples of hair, in fine condition,
Surrender'd by fair composition,
Taken by storm, or won by guile;
Writings, for writing fake, not reading,
Assignments, grants, and special pleading,
Shall blaze in one funereal pile.

Mountains

Mountains are hoary oft with snow,
When all the vales are green below,
Still, Venus, let me cleave to thee ;
Let Chloe but a while be kind,
Then, if my Chloe change her mind,
Chloe will only copy me.

BOOK III. ODE III.

TO THOMAS SCROOPE, Esq.

REMEMBER, friend, to shun excess,
 Ill suited to a life so frail and short;
 Let no perplexing care oppress,
 No giddy joy to insolence transport.

Whether, to gloomy thoughts resign'd,
 By drops, like sullen thaws, hours melt away,
 Or the gay sun-shine of the mind
 Fills all the soul with intellectual day.

Whether, in social bowers, you ply
 The festive bowl, or, by some dimpling stream,
 Indulge the sentimental sigh,
 At life's absurd, inexplicable dream:

Let wine and elegance unite,
 Their choicest blessings largely to dispense;
 Quicken desire, improve delight,
 And give the sweetest feelings to the sense.

Whilst

Whilst fate the present bliss bestows,
 Catch the important moment, ere 'tis pass'd,
 Fleeting and pleasant as the short-liv'd rose,
 Exhaling fragrance to the last.

Those groves you view with looks so tender,
 Those flow'ring shrubs, rear'd with a parent's
 You must relinquish and surrender [care,
 To the capricious fancy of your heir.

Nor boots it, whether poor or rich,
 Whether you are nobly born or meanly bred ;
 Whether you drop your being in a ditch,
 Or leave it lingering in a bed.

For, soon or late, the fatal urn
 Shall issue forth our last relentless doom ;
 To exile sent, without return,
 To endless rest, and an eternal tomb.

Grazie

Grazie a gl'inganni tuoi,

Alfin respiro, O Nice ;

Alfin d'uno infedele

Ebber gli dei pietà.

METASTASIO

To Miss ———

THANKS to your wiles, deceitful fair,
The gods, so long in vain implor'd,
At last have heard a wretch's prayer ;
At last I find myself restor'd.

From thy bewitching snares and thee :
I feel for once this is no dream ;
I feel my captive soul is free ;
And I am truly what I seem.

I cannot now, as heretofore,
Put on indifference or disdain,
To smother flames, that burn no more,
To hide a passion void of pain.

Without a blush, your name I hear,
 No transient glow my bosom heats;
 And, when I meet your eye, my dear,
 My fluttering heart no longer beats.

I dream, but I no longer find
 Your form still present to my view;
 I wake, but now my vacant mind
 No longer waking dreams of you:

Absent for you, no more I pine,
 But wander careless day or night;
 Present, no word, no look, no sign,
 Argues disturbance or delight,

I hear your praise, no tender flame
 Now thrills responsive through my veins;
 No indignation, only shame,
 For all my former wrongs remains.

I meet

I meet you now without alarms,
 Nor longer fearful to displease;
 I talk with ease about your charms,
 Even with my rival talk with ease.

Whether in angry mood you rise,
 Or sweetly fit with placid guile,
 Vain is the lightning of your eyes,
 And vainer still your gilded smile.

Loves, in your smiles, no longer play;
 Your lips, your tongue, have lost their art;
 Those eyes have now forgot the way
 That led directly to my heart.

Whether with grief the mind's diseased,
 Or the unburthen'd spirits, glad;
 No thanks to you, when I am pleased,
 You have no blame, when I am sad.

Hills, woods, and lawns, and bleating flocks,
 Without you, captivate me still,
 But dreary moors and naked rocks,
 Tho' with you, make my blood run chill.

Hear me ; and judge if I'm sincere ;
 That you are beauteous still I swear ;
 But Oh ! no longer you appear
 The fairest, and the only fair.

Hear me ; but let not truth offend,
 In that fine form, in many places,
 I now spy faults, my lovely friend,
 Which I mistook before for graces.

And yet, though free, I thought at first,
 With shame my weakness I confess,
 My agonizing heart would burst,
 The agonies of death are less.

Who

Who would not, when his soul's oppress'd,
 Gladly possess himself again?
 To pluck a serpent from his breast,
 Who would not bear the sharpest pain?

The little songster thus you see
 Caught in the cruel school-boy's toils,
 Struggling for life, at last, like me,
 Escapes, and leaves his feather'd spoils.

His plumage soon resumes its gloss,
 His little heart soon waxes gay;
 Nor falls, grown cautious from his loss,
 To artifice again a prey.

Perhaps you think I only feign,
 I do but strive against the stream,
 Else why for ever in this strain,
 Why talk upon no other theme?

It is not love, it is not pique,
 That gives my whole discourse this cast;
 'Tis nature that delights to speak
 Eternally of dangers past.

Caroufing o'er the midnight bowl
 The foldier never ceasing prates,
 Shews every scar to every foul,
 And every hair-breadth 'scape relates.

Thus the poor galley slave, releas'd
 From pains as great and bonds as strong.
 On his past sufferings seems to feast,
 And hug the chain he dragg'd so long.

To talk is all that I desire;
 When once I let my larum go,
 I never stop, nor once enquire,
 Whether you're entertain'd or no.

Which

Which of us has most cause to grieve ?

Which situation would you choose ?

I, a capricious tyrant leave,

And you, a faithful lover lose.

I can find maids in every rout,

With smiles as false, and forms as fine ;

But you must search the world throughout,

To find a heart as true as mine.

ODE.

FULL long to laughter-loving fancy wed,
 A foe to nought but treachery and art,
 Though mirthful folly ever claim'd my head,
 My friends and country always had my heart.

Erato, void of true celestial fire,
 For thee, weak maid, my feelings are too strong :
 Clio, for once, will animate my lyre,
 And let my country have one virtuous song.

Whilst wretched Albion for ages mourns
 Her conquering sons like laurel'd victims slain ;
 O could I write, upon their sacred urns,
 A verse as lasting as Britannia's pain !

Blush, blush, to read how injur'd Braddock* fought ;
 Braddock in whom were ever found ally'd,
 The soldier's ardour with the chieftain's thought,
 The stoic's fortitude, without his pride.

* General Braddock, killed in America, in 1755.

Unmindful of the hero's dying prayer,
 Heaven struck a dreadful and avenging blow ;
 A blow that wrung from England in despair,
 Those bitter tears that flow'd for Wolfe * and
 Howe †.

Congenial spirits, each a self-form'd chief,
 Each great as any chief in ancient lore,
 Born to extend her glory and her grief,
 Beyond what Britain ever knew before.

Valiant in arms, courteous and gay in peace,
 See Williams ‡ snatch'd to an untimely tomb !
 With every art and elegance of Grace,
 And all the energy of patriot Rome.

And Armytage §, alas ! in blooming youth,
 Left undistinguish'd in a hostile grave,

* General Wolfe, slain at Quebec.

† Lord Howe, killed before Ticonderoga, July, 1758.

‡ Sir William Peer Williams, killed at Bellisle, in the year 1761.

See an epitaph on him in Gray's Works.

§ Sir John Armytage, member of parliament for York, killed at St. Cas, in September, 1758, a young gentleman of large fortune and great expectation.

Whom

Whom neither plighted love, nor candid truth,
Nor spirited integrity could save.

Lo ! tow'ring Downe *, impatient of repose,
Borne on immortal Fame's impetuous wing,
Falls in the midst of Britain's fiercest foes,
And blasts the wreath design'd him by his king.

Learn, Britons, from your king, on worth to smile,
Or heaven may still have greater ills in store :
Brunswick's fair race may cease to bless your isle,
And liberty forsake her native shore.

* Lord Viscount Downe of the kingdom of Ireland. He died Dec. 26, 1760, of the wounds he received at Camper, in Germany. He was one of the knights of the shire for the county of York, lieutenant colonel of the 25th regiment of foot, and colonel of the southern battalion of the Yorkshire West Riding militia.

THE
ALDERMAN'S SPEECH,

IN
A DREAM,

Against abolishing the DISTINCTION of PARTIES.

SIR,

THOUGH I am apt enough to judge charitably of mens professions, I cannot give unlimited credit to the most irreproachable without some security, much less to those who for near a century have had nothing to subsist upon but the credulity of the people, and who never scrupled to sacrifice their votaries for promoting any iniquitous purpose of their own.

Gentlemen declare, Sir, their abhorrence of all party distinctions; they seem to flatter themselves that the names of Whig and Tory will be extinguished, or melted down into some inoffensive neutral,
should

should we come to a resolution to forbear the mention of either in this assembly.—I do believe, Sir, the gentlemen are sincere ; but whether their motives are so pure, or the consequences as certain as their wishes, may be doubted, and ought to be examined.

We can be pretty sure, Sir, from recent experience, how far the influence of our forbearance, how far the example of our expressive silence in such a case, will operate upon the minds of the many, by observing its effects upon two other words of equally hostile discrimination. Words, Sir, which without any formal impeachment, are fallen into disuse, and were for some time past of so little signification amongst us, that one of them was never mentioned without a sneer, nor the other without a smile of indulgence. These, Sir, are the two ancient antagonists, corruption and independence. By our prudential measures we have indeed effectually prevented all indecent disputes between them in this house ; disputes, Sir, that used formerly to retard, not only
our

our annual expressions of duty and affection, but the real effects of those expressions ; expressions, without effect, of no more value than an anniversary ballad, or any other periodical flower of congratulatory eloquence. Without doubt, Sir, if this pattern of moderation was agreeable to the fancies of the multitude, they might sit down as contentedly, every man under his own woollen cap, as we do under our own vines and fig-trees ; but the misfortune is that our dispassionate comportment neither conciliates respect nor imitation : thus, Sir, we have secured our private quiet by practising what is frequently done in other good companies—when two fellows grow troublesome the rest agree to turn out the most exceptionable of the two, never troubling their heads about his representations without doors—what follows, Sir ? why the jovial crew being now delivered from interruption, drive on the pleasurable hours till they begin to flag, and then disperse amicably either to scenes of love and gallantry, or to some of the many elegant amusements that engage the passions and employ both the head and the heart.

These

These blessings of peace, Sir, may reasonably be expected from realizing the proposition before us; but as I find more exalted views are pretended, and more extensive advantages promised from this meditated proscription, I shall endeavour to shew the vanity of such expectations.—Expectations, Sir, so absurd, that they cannot be treated with too much contempt, nor be put in too ridiculous a light.

I have sat, Sir, some years in this honourable society, and in that time heard many strange doctrines, and many strange and even barbarous terms, from some of our greatest orators; but I never yet heard the names that distinguish the two sexes openly and deliberately pronounced within these walls. Can any one infer hence that we admit of no such distinction, or at least that we wish and desire that every body should be encouraged to act as if there was none? If it was possible for us, Sir, to conceive such a wish, we must expect to be looked upon as a filthy pack of anti-naturalists, and would deserve to

be perpetuated, by the designation given to some of our predecessors, with much less propriety—the Rump, Sir.

Gentlemen, Sir, may laugh—I have heard many in this house laugh at my honourable friend and brother alderman—who ought to have blushed for themselves—I am serious, Sir; I would not be thought to speak from the fumes of yesterday, though I own it was a day of festivity.—If it was possible to suppose I said, that we should conceive such a filthy wish: and why not possible to suppose it, Sir? When I cast my eyes upon the present majority, I see a set of gentlemen who have supposed, Sir, in former days, without making any scruple of declaring their suppositions to the whole world, that the greatest part of this house were then guilty of a much worse kind of prostitution; much worse, I say, Sir, because attended with infinitely worse consequences: it cannot be more against nature, Sir, to counteract her exertion, and prevent the execution of her plan, than
to

to destroy or debase the most perfect of her works. If one may judge of the fruit by the tree, the publick may indirectly reap some advantage from the first of these unnatural vices, by having a stop put to the propagation of scoundrels: but prostitution in this place, Sir, leads to patricide, the horrible superlative of parental murder; a crime too shocking for the contemplation of the law.

If I can shew, Sir, that the proposal we are upon is only calculated to serve the purposes of this execrable commerce, I need make no apology for treating the authors and promoters of it with so little ceremony.

To proceed properly, I must, against my inclination, entreat you, Sir, to keep your eye fixed upon the two sister sins.—Their similitude, through all their nasty proceedings, is not to be paralleled by any other of the deadly catalogue.

To return, therefore, to my last supposition.— You see, Sir, that it is possible for a majority of this house, by parity of reasoning, to turn their backs to the first great ordinance of their Creator, and to become thereby too unclean for any expiatory cathartic, but fire from heaven. Even in this case of perdition, Sir, there are three sorts of people who would esteem themselves particularly happy in our impious favour and conjunction.

The first, Sir, are those whose unhappy propensity to libertinism drives them into the commission of every vice however detestable, with as little compunction, Sir, as you or I would feel if we were to slip into the most easy and natural transgression.

The next, Sir, are those mean wretches who are only withheld from a participation of the contaminated cup by penal terrors, without the least plea of hereditary taint, or of any vicious texture of the blood inflamed by a vicious education; wretches,

Sir, armed, both from complexion and institution, with every tendency, with every habit, and domestic example, in direct contradiction to their unnatural inclinations.

The last of that ungracious *Trio* are those unrelenting finners who make no composition with law or gospel—who never deviate into the right way, but act uniformly in all circumstances and relations with retrogressive decision.

In like manner, Sir, there are three sorts of prostitutes that bear record upon earth, who will exult in this hopeful expedient of ours, to level the two political distinctions:—The first, Sir, emancipated from vulgar prejudices, like their retrograde brethren, hold communion equally with both genders, and, like them, run round the circles of corruption, and go scraping about in order to be picked up by the dissolute and abandoned.—They were called *Molles* formerly, and answer the description of Horace exactly :

actly : “ Gaudent prænominè Molles :”—Accordingly, they are all Jacks, and Dicks, and Toms ; and to this day take great delight in prenominal familiarity with each other. The second, Sir, are those miscreants who for the wages of sin would sell themselves to the foulest pollution, if the bargain and sale could be transacted with impunity ; but from the alarms of conscience, and the dread of being caught, they nibble at the bait they dare not swallow.—So true is the French proverb, Sir, that “ Chacune n’est pas bougre qui veut.”

The third, Sir, to whom the rest are subordinate, are the infernal agents, whose sole employment is to seduce those that stand, to keep down those that fall, and to revile and traduce the incorruptible. But it will be asked, who are these infernal corrupters ? To which I reply, they who have the means of corruption, and the will to corrupt ; by the curtesy of England, Sir, the means may, but the will cannot be engrossed by any party. Of the two, Sir, that

divide these three kingdoms, there is one that can have no more at present than the will, because the other is solely in possession of the means, by forced marches, by leaving an unserviceable artillery behind them—their pretended patriotism, Sir; and, by abandoning a baggage of no value—their integrity, they have at length attained that power by surprize, for which they had been fighting in vain for almost these hundred years. If, fortune, Sir, has put into their hands the means, and the only means that can secure their persons and their power for a single day, do we know so little of their gallant leaders to doubt about their prowess and their will? Can we believe, Sir, that they will leave the fat buck, when they have him in their toils, from an apprehension of flatulencies and indigestion? No, Sir, their appetites have been sharpened, their stomach is braced by a long course of steel and bitters.

Wherefore, Sir, when some gentlemen talk so vehemently about abolishing the names of Whig and
Tory,

Tory, I think I have already thrown together some hints that will help to explain their meaning. —They have no objection to the names, Sir, they only hate the principles of a Whig; as on the contrary they love the doctrine, but abominate the name of Tory, because that name implies a doctrine which they dare not openly avow; a doctrine which they must follow or be undone; a doctrine, Sir, which they have no chance of propagating but by fraud and corruption, by the most profligate impudence and falsehood.

Having cleared my foundation of a great deal of rubbish, Sir, I will now tell you why the Tories for above fifty years, not only acquiesced under this appellation of ignominy, but seemed to glory in it. If during all that period it gave them no kind of offence when they had some pretensions for disclaiming it, must they not have had temporary reasons for their temporary acquiescence? They had reasons, Sir, for they were then acting a downright lie, they were then sowers of rebellions, stirrers up of feditions,

tions, promoters of foreign wars and domestic ruin, and opposers of every wise and honest measure of a truly wise and virtuous government; whereas their doctrine was diametrically opposite to their actions: unconditional obedience, Sir, to the worst administration under the most despotic tyrant is their doctrine, to whose diabolical commands the least resistance is held worthy of death in this world, and of damnation in the next. With practices, Sir, so different from their tenets—they confounded the understandings of unsuspecting men, and were most popular when they deserved to have been stoned to death by the people.—But now, Sir, things are greatly altered; now, when they are arrived at the consummation of all their wishes, through the dirtiest ways, and a most tedious journey, no wonder that they want to shuffle off the marks of infamy, that make every one that has any reputation to lose so shy of joining them, hoping when they are once snugly settled, and have composed their persons into a fashionable appearance, that they will escape the
eyes

eyes of the injured and jealous publick ; like ladies of the town, Sir, who fancy they are undiscovered, when they contrive to thrust themselves into a bench amongst modest women. Alas, Sir, it is all in vain, the marks of the beast are written in characters not to be effaced—no herd, no crowd, can conceal these smitten deer—a Tory, Sir, may be singled out of any mob as easily as a Jew or a chimney-sweeper.

I have heard say, Sir, of late, that a Whig is only a creature of fancy, like a dragon or a griffin, that exist no where but in heraldry ; and I have also heard loose women say, Sir, that a woman of virtue is as much a being of the imagination as any other fiction in our escutcheons.

I am afraid, Sir, in the strictest sense of the words, we shall not be able to furnish many squadrons of Whigs, nor above a legion of female griffins, in all this great city.—But still, Sir, it is the interest of virtue to rank those on her side who are for keeping

up the separation; the lines that divide her and vice can never be levelled without they are either forced or betrayed.—Though far from the perfection that has been found in some Whig heroes and chaste heroines—the commonest street-walker in the suburbs of virtue, that never refused any favour but the last, and the most common Whig, Sir, deserve better from mankind than to be ranked with common whores, and confounded with hackney Tories.

I have discharged my conscience, Sir, in delivering my sentiments upon the present occasion with that freedom and candour becoming a man who has the honour to represent none but the free and generous. If mobs and riots, Sir, have been frequent of late, I have shewn you to what sort of men, and to what kind of principles, this universal disaffection is owing. If I can find hereafter any symptoms of amendment amongst the heads, you may depend upon my care, Sir, to endeavour to put a stop to the fermentation in the faecal ducts. In the mean time, it

may not be amiss, Sir, by way of hint, to leave my compliments with you for my lord Duke, to inform him, that though he has the power of the bags, and could let out his wind for as valuable a consideration as Æolus did to Juno—even for a fine wench, Sir,

Quarum quæ forma pulcherrima Deiopeiam
Connubio jungam stabili propriamque dicabo.

I acknowledge and feel, Sir, the strength of the temptation, yet as I think it both impolitic and infinitely beneath him, I would not advise him to bluster; for he can neither raise a storm without my permission, nor lay one without my assistance,

Non illi imperium pelagi sævumque Tridentem,
Sed mihi forte datum *.

Upon which the Alderman awoke, rubbed his eyes, rung his bell, and called for pen, ink, and paper, and a draught of small beer.

* Mr. Hogarth, alluding to the Sævum Tridentem, has put three enormous teeth into the mouth of our popular orator.

FABLES

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FABLES

FOR

GROWN GENTLEMEN :

FOR THE YEAR 1770.

TABLES

FOR

CRONV. CEMENT

FOR THE YEAR 1890

FABLES.

PART II.

FABLE I.

TO MY LORD —

WITH parts, tho' little worse for wearing,
That scarce would pay for the repairing,

A man past forty-five,
Furnish'd with indolence and pride,
A huge tremendous spouse beside,
To save his soul alive,
Was sitting yawning by the sea,
Twirling his snuff-box just like me.

Vanquish'd almost by strenuous sloth,
He set himself a task at length,
A task above his worship's strength,
Above the strength of both.

“ To sit with an attentive eye
“ To mark and take a strict account,
“ And know exactly the amount
“ Of all the waves as they pass'd by.”

So

So putting on, to suit the case,

A calculating placid face,

He kept his reck'ning and discretion,
Till, by miscounting grown confus'd,
And consequently difamus'd,

He broke the series of progression ;
Which, overflowing, fill'd him quite
Up to the throat with spleen and spite.

During this vap'rish fit of grief,
A Fox stepp'd up (my Lord, 'tis true,
It was your genius, though not you),

A Fox stepp'd up to his relief.
Begin again, said he, and mind ;

Why will you poison your enjoyment ?
Are there not waves enow behind,

Enow for your whole life's employment ?
Of all those millions that were lent,

Myriads of millions must have bounds,
Of all those millions you have spent,
I speak of moments, not of pounds,

Keep

Keep no account, nor heed the sum,
Time past is * *nitchil*, my good friend,
Remember only how you spend
The present and the time to come.

* An Exchequer term, the charge is answered by a cipher.

FABLE

FABLE II.

TO A GREAT LAWYER.

PRAY tell me, Sir, in what respect,
 What harm, says Pert, in a pert gown,
 Do you imagine or expect

From us, the servants of the Crown.
 Why none at all, if you were wise ;
 And there, perhaps, the danger lies.

But let me tell you, said Sir John,
 (It was a roguish Whig that spoke)

How Æsop once was set upon,
 And how he flung them with a joke.

A set of jolly tars one day,
 Of Athens the supporters,
 Joking with Æsop in their way,

Just like a set of drunken porters ;
 Come on, cries one, my cunning man,

Unload that pack

Upon your back,

Give us a Fable spick and span.

Then claps him on the back, and hollows ;

On which, out came the tale that follows :

NATURE

NATURE had suffer'd a contusion,

Old Ocean from his seat had wander'd,
When Jove, to clear up the confusion

And bring things to their proper standard,
Cried out, Drink, Earth, with all thy might,
Three drunken bouts will set all right.

She drank such draughts for the first time,
The mountains, soaking like a toast,

Uncover'd to the roots almost,
Appear'd with heaps of mud and slime.

The second bout, the trees appear'd;

The third, the valleys were quite clear'd :

Had she continu'd in that cue,

It would have been the worse for you,

For by and by

She must have drunk the ocean dry;

And, if she had, my witty men,

What would you sailors have done then ?

Now, Sir, by way of application,

Pray look at our low situation,

Surrounded by a sea of law,
In imitation of our betters,
We try to keep this sea in awe,
Like Xerxes and the Dutch, with fetters ;
That is, with many a bank and fence,
Labour and infinite expence,
We keep in pretty decent bounds
Prerogative, or royal pride,
That overflow our neighbours' grounds,
And spread destruction far and wide.
Suppose, from any cause you please,
You, who are trusted with the keys,
Who ought to watch against abuses,
Should think it neither harm nor sin,
To open all your gates and sluices,
And let the foaming waters in.
In such a case, to say no more,
Reck'ning all those that must be drown'd,
And some perhaps that may be found
Knock'd on the head ashore,
Tell me, ye men of subtile brain,
How many Lawyers will remain ?

FABLE

FABLE III.

A Wolf pursu'd a Kid one day,
Left by a shepherd through mistake,
That, like a truant at a wake,
Loiter'd behind to sport and play.
So well Sir Lupus play'd his part
There was no chance in any shape
For her escape,
Unless she could escape by art.
As he press'd hard upon her rear,
The cunning jade,
Like a distress'd and injur'd maid,
Turn'd round, and dropp'd a tear.
Dread Sir, she cried, I see my ate,
Suspend your hunger and your hate,
Oh ! let me hear that voice so sweet,
Charm me once more before my death,
Your humble maid shall at your feet,
With joy, resign her breath.
The Wolf set up a hideous howl ;
The moment he began to sing,

He made the woods and valleys ring,
 And frighten'd every beast and fowl.
 He scarce had rung a dozen peals,
 When, following as they were bid,
 A hundred dogs were at his heels,
 Which put the Wolf to flight, and sav'd the Kid.
 Thus hunted Liberty besought
 A respite for a certain season,
 Begging, before he cut her throat,
 To hear her learned Butcher reason.
 The Butcher made so great a din,
 His eloquence brought down the rabble;
 Glad to escape with a whole skin,
 Freedom left him and them to squabble.
 Bad tenets openly maintain'd
 Are not so bad as good ones feign'd;
 Filmer, so far from doing harm,
 Serv'd, like the Wolf, to give th' alarm.

FABLE IV.

THOUGHTFULLY walking in his park,
His Grace, with eyes fix'd on the ground,
Beheld an object of small mark,
Made like a furz-ball, dark and round ;
And, like one trod upon, it broke,
Gave a loud crack, and sent forth smoke.
His Grace's diamond buckles fullied,
He kick'd the ball with great disdain,
As if disdain'ing to be bullied ;
The ball look'd twice as big again.
Again he kick'd, kick after kick,
Then took a stone, then tried a stick ;
The ball went on at such a pace,
It was grown bigger than his Grace.
Zounds ! said the Duke, what have we here ?
What means this foolish apparition ?
Minerva whisper'd in his ear,
My Lord, it means the opposition.

FABLE V.

AN Afs was limping in great pain :
A nail, or else a pointed flick,
Had pierc'd his foot into the quick ;
And all attempts to get it out were vain.

With melancholy face,
Quite in despair, he turn'd his back
Upon both Regular and Quack,
And told a Wolf his case ;
With you, said he, my sufferings end,

Into your paws my life I put :
Eat me ; but first, Sir, condescend
To draw the nail out of my foot ;
Let me enjoy one moment's ease,
Devour me after when you please.

With teeth as hard as brass,
The Wolf drew out the nail ;
On which his patient, John the Afs,
Whisking about his Afs's tail,

Full at the Wolf let fly a stroke,
That broke his jaws, and would have broke

A helmet, or a coat of mail,
That spoil'd his instruments for drawing,
And stripp'd him of his tools for chawing.

Friend, said the Afs, you are right serv'd ;

Why would you alter your condition ?
'Tis fit a butcher should be starv'd

When he sets up for a phyfician.
A thousand times it has been told,

'Tis true ;
But, if the Fable's trite and old,
You'll own the application's new.

A man of wealth, therefore of weight,

A most notorious malefactor,

Approach'd a minifter of ftate,

With loaded hands, though no contractor ;
Five thoufand Hoares, five thoufand banks,

A ring and twenty thoufand thanks ;

Take but this thorn out of my fide,

Prevent my fall ;

My boroughs, ever bound and tied,
Shall wait your lordship's call.

My Lord, said he, naught can defeat us,
If you will grant me my *quietus*.

'Twas done ; and bravely done, no doubt,
For now he join'd his powers and strength,
And had the happiness at length
To help to kick his Lordship out.

FABLE VI.

CROSSING a river swift and wide,
 A Horſe, with an indignant eye,
 Beheld a fooliſh piece of pride,
 A piece of dung come prancing by.
 Behold, ſaid he, that compoſt vile,
 The filthy ſtuff,
 That was behind me half a mile,
 Is now before me far enough.
 * But why ſhould this make a Horſe ſick?
 Delighted with malicious jokes,
 Fortune plays many a worſe trick,
 When ſhe plays ſome of her fine ſtrokes.
 Did not ſhe, fearleſs of reproach,

* But why ſhould this make a Horſe ſick?
 This is not any new vagary,
 Fortune plays many a worſe trick,
Quoties voluit jocari.

For the ſake of the Ladies the Author altered it.

Beſtow

Bestow on him that rubb'd my heels,
 My master's widow and his coach,
 And kitchen-stuff, to grease the wheels ?
 The lucky dog, said he, and smil'd,
 Has got her daughter too with child.

FABLE

FABLE VII.

A FLOCK of Cranes newly come over,
 Buried in wheat up to the throat,
 Like oxen rioting in clover,
 Were taken at their *table d'hôte*.
 Amongst the set
 Thus taken up for vagrant game,
 A Stork was found in the same net,
 Pretending to be sick and lame.
 With whining voice, and face of brass,
 Just like a rogue with a false pass,
 Seiz'd with a fainting fit,
 'Tis but a moment since I lit;
 For filial duty in all ages
 Our house, said he, was ever noted,
 By all philosophers and sages,
 By poets male and female quoted:
 My name is Stork, the Cranes will own
 No way related to their clan;
 I should as soon digest a stone
 As either corn or bran.

Believe

Believe not me, trust your own eyes ;
 Take and examine us by pairs,
 Our feathers are of different dyes :
 How different mine is from theirs !
 Neither your colour nor digestion,
 The farmer cried, is now the question ;
 That you were taken in this place,
 And in their company, is plain
 But, for the honour of your race,
 You shall be punish'd as a Crane.
 Just so, one of the sacred bench
 Was caught in criminal conversation,
 Not with a juicy tempting wench,
 That's an excusable temptation.
 Caught in the fact, for so the story is,
 Of prostitution amongst Tories.
 What do you think was his defence ?
 The metropolitan of —
 Exclaim'd, appeal'd to common sense,
 Argu'd exactly like a Stork :
Examine

Examine their's and my pen-feather ;
 Birds of so different a plume,
 You will confess, I do presume,
 Can never copulate together.
 But, in *Crim. Con.* having been taken,
 This could not save his holy bacon.

FABLE

FABLE VIII.

A GNAT upon an Ox's horn,
 Clapping his wings, sang forth his praise,
 Greater than the Unicorn :

Hail, greatest beast of all that graze !
 Accept, great brute, my willing strain ;
 And, if my weight give you no pain,
 Which I much fear,

Allow me to remain
 To charm your bovine ear :
 Great and mighty Chieftain, say,
 Whether shall I go or stay ?

The Ox replied,
 Where insignificance prevails,
 You always meet with empty pride ;
 Depend upon't, it never fails :
 To me, vain insect, 'tis the same,
 You may give over, or go on ;
 I neither felt you when you came,
 Nor shall I miss you when you're gone.

Said

Said Maupertuis, Pray, read this Fable,
 And I'll explain it to the table.
 Observe Voltaire, that chirps and fings
 Near Prussia's King from night to morn ;
 He is the Gnat that claps his wings,
 And fings upon the Ox's horn :
 Voltaire replied, the Gnat suits me ;
 But why an Ox ? there I am dull ;
 As for the Ox, said Maupertuis,
 I wish the Ox had been a Bull *.

* If there is any meaning in these four last lines of the author, of which I hold him guiltless, to use the words of Jean Jaques, " ce n'est que pour ceux, qui ont (la Taet) l'odorat fin," he should have said.

SMELLFUNGUS.

FABLE

FABLE IX.

ONCE on a time a man of fashion,
Æsop has told it you before,
In love, and blinded by his passion,
At Athens wed a common whore.
The whore, transported with devotion,
Leaving her lovers in the lurch,
And also proud of her promotion,
Attended daily the Greek church.
Venus, to whom she made her prayers,
Rated her soundly in her sleep :
You strumpet, give yourself no airs ;
Your prayers, said she, and incense keep :
Not for your sake, nor for your vows,
I gave your ladyship your spouse,
Nor, like dame Fortune, for a whim ;
It was because in twenty places
He had affronted all the Graces ;
In short, because I hated him.

My

My Lord has made a vile buffoon
His bosom friend, the Graces cried ;
Good gracious Venus, grant our boon,
Give him a harlot for his bride.

Tho' chaste, the Graces are so gay,
Venus herself is so delighted,
So taken with their winning way,
She hates all those by whom they're slighted.

FABLE X.

LET him alone ; he's a Reviewer :

By such vile trash he gets his bread ;

And for that reason, *soyez sure*,

He well deserves a broken head.

A Flea out of a blanket shaken,

A bloody-minded finner,

Upon a Tailor's neck was taken,

Marauding for a dinner.

The Flea attempted a defence ;

The damage was so small,

That the offence

Was next to none, or none at all ;

And furthermore, to save his life,

Pleaded his children and poor wife.

That's not the case, the Judge reply'd,

The harm is small, 'tis not deny'd ;

You did your worst, and had your fill :

Die then, said he,

Unrighteous Flea,

Not for the deed ; but for the will.

FABLE

FABLE XI.

AN Eagle pick'd up a young Lamb,
Carelessly sporting by her Dam,
Too feeble to protect and guard her :
Aloft you might have seen her swing,
Just like a Lamb on a hook-ring,
Swinging suspended in a larder.
The bird kept mounting to the sky,
Till, like a paper-kite,
Lessen'd each instant to the eye,
He vanish'd out of sight.
A Jack Daw on a steeple top,
First taking a delib'rate hop,
Resolv'd to try what he could do ;
Resolv'd the Eagle to excell,
Down, like a bird of prey, he fell,
To seize, and carry off, the Ewe :
His feet entangled in the wool,
Neither Jack's wings nor paper-skull
Could rescue him from his mishap.

A Shepherd, summon'd by John's noise,
 Took him, and, to divert his boys,
 Trimm'd him, and gave him a fool's cap.
 Now, Jack, said he, now, if you will,
 Fancy yourself an Eagle still.—
 So have I seen, you know the place,
 A Coxcomb, with a Jack Daw's wit,
 Rise, with a pert unmeaning face,
 To emulate the Eagle PITT;
 As fit to speak or to reply,
 As Æsop's Tortoise was to fly;
 Struggle and strain to be distinguish'd,
 Floundering and stammering evermore,
 Then drop, eternally extinguish'd
 In one contemptuous farewell roar.
 'Tis pertness makes Jack hop and chatter;
 Pertness makes all weak people weaker;
 Nothing but courage, strength, and matter,
 Can make a thunder-bearing speaker.

FABLE XII.

SUCKING his paws for his diversion,

A Bear, a huge mis-shapen mass,

Beheld a Fox, with great aversion,

Picking the bones of a dead Ass.

I never touch the dead, said Bruin,

Nor break their sacred rest, like you,

To whom destruction and dire ruin,

For such a wicked act, is due.

With a sly grin, the Fox reply'd,

My learned Friend, we differ wide ;

Pray heaven, that you and all your kin

Would take a fancy to such fare !

To eat the dead is no great sin,

It is the living you should spare.

Your piety I understand ;

You, Sir, and all your brethren, chuse

To fit yourselves with those at hand,

Rather than wait for dead folks shoes.

Happy are they that have no dealings

With Bears of nice and tender feelings !

Says Crito the benign :
Crito would sooner lose his head
Than vent his spleen
By speaking evil of the dead.
Crito, you talk and look profoundly,
But prythee, with that heart of steel,
Revile the dead, and maul them soundly ;
Flea none but those that cannot feel.
Your cruel pastime, Junius, cease :
Had you been just to honour and to fame,
Had you let Virtue sleep in peace,
And lash'd those only that are dead to shame ;
I should have cry'd, why let him lash,
I like both Junius and his plan ;
None but a knave need fear his lash,
For Brutus is an honourable man.

FABLE

FABLE XIII.

A SERPENT fly,
With thoughtful head and watchful eye,
Had got out of a thousand scrapes,
Either by wriggling or back-sliding,
By circumvention or by gliding ;
In short, in many shapes.
Without the least pretence
To consequence or common sense,
With volubility indeed,
The tail, affecting to be great,
Envied the head her judgement-seat,
And tried to take the lead.
Some members openly dissented ;
Some were won over, some afraid ;
The major part at last consented,
The head was shamefully betray'd.
Without an eye, a nose, an ear,
Without the semblance of a brain,

Without a grain of wit or fear,
Madame la Queue began her reign,
 And thus equipp'd began her ramble,
 Tearing and scratching the poor Snake;
 But though she passed through thorn or bramble,
 She wheel'd at every stone or stake;
 'Twas that by which she was preserv'd,
 By flexibility alone,
 Those tails have always been observ'd
 Most flexible that have least bone:
 They yield to any slight impressiion;
 Whereas an obstinate stiff rump
 Maintains her ground, and keeps possession,
 And moves for neither shove nor thump
 The head, that had not slept a wink,
 Caught her at last fast in a chink;
 With sanguine eyes and pallid hue,
La Tête advanc'd steady and clear,
 Came round, and disengag'd *La Queue*,
 And made her fall into the rear.—

When

When they are first that should be last,
It shall be now as in times past,
When they, that were ordain'd to trail,
Presume to take the lead and guide,
They must return and be the tail,
Or be cut off and laid aside.

FABLE

FABLE XIV.

A FOX contriv'd, tho' lock'd and barr'd,
 —Contrivance was the Fox's trade—
 To steal into a Farmer's yard,
A la fourdine, by escalade ;
 With appetites wicked and loose,
 Improv'd by travelling and art,
 He suck'd the blood out of a Goose,
 Ravish'd a Hen, and broke her heart.
 To put an end to these lewd courses,
 Before the caitiff was aware,
 Surrounding him with all his forces,
 The Farmer caught him in a snare.
 He studied till he crack'd his brains,
 The writers of those times relate,
 To find out penalties and pains,
 To fuit his cruelty and hate ;
 Revenge will help you at a pinch,
 E'en when your parts begin to fail.

To

To make Volpone die inch by inch,
He tied a fire-brand to his tail.

The Fox ran straight to Hodge's corn,
And caus'd as great a conflagration,
As when Wilkes came and blew his horn,
That, like the last trump, rous'd the nation:
Turn'd out of doors with an intention
To get him basted well, and roasted.
What did they get by their invention?
Get! Why they got him nicely roasted.
With Bills of Rights to his tail tied,
With red-hot Humphry * too he came,
And more combustibles beside,
That set all Brentford in a flame.
The ruin spread, and made such haste,
For all the engines they employ'd,
The neighbouring towns were soon lay'd waste,
And Middlesex was quite destroy'd:
The flames reach'd London; but anon
The wind chop'd round, or London too had gone.

* Humphry Cotes.

Both

Both these examples are complete ;
I wish some folks would learn from hence
To know that no revenge is sweet,
Without a little common sense.

FABLE

FABLE XV.

THE PETITIONERS FOR A DISSOLUTION
OF THE PEAR TREE.

A Pear-Tree fell into disgrace,
Exhausting all its strength in leaves,
An idle occupant of space,
A shelter, and a den for thieves,
For birds, perpetually merry,
As long as there was plumb or cherry,
The Orchard, in an ill condition,
Complain'd to Colin they were plunder'd;
To their long grumbling petition,
He only shook his head and wonder'd;
But took at last a resolution,
To cut the useless Pear-tree down.
This was a right of dissolution,
Inherent clearly in the Clown.
Colin in short the ax apply'd,
And made a rupture in the Tree;
When lo! there issued from its side
In streams, the labours of the Bee.

As

As Henry the Eighth replied,
 Sweetheart—Good Catharine, he cried,
 You go, said he, at a fine rate ;
 I vow, you're in a pleasant vein :
 Continue in this humour, Kate,
 The birds and you shall both remain.
 How could they ever sing so sweet,
 If our poor birds had naught to eat ?
 Remain, said he ; our humours suit,
 Your honey overpays their fruit.

FABLE

FABLE XVI.

THE WHEELS OF GOVERNMENT.

A Team of Oxen fat and fair,
 Resign'd to every Bumkin's goad,
 With little feeling and less care,
 Were marching with a heavy load.
 During the march, the Wheels alone
 Cry'd out, and made a grievous moan.
 Pleas'd with the hint, Cæsar turn'd round :
 My Lord, said he, this is good ground ;
 Faction makes all that noise and rumbling :
 The People, that bear all the weight,
 That drag the waggon of the state,
 March, like the Oxen, without grumbling.
 Faction applies not to the wheels,
 That go so heavily and lag on,
 Replied the Keeper of the Seals,
 Faction does not retard the waggon :
 The reason then they go so ill,
 Is want of grease, not want of will.

The

The K—'s friends must be duly paid,
The wheels of Government want greasing;
Business of course must be delay'd,
And cause the noise that's so displeasing.

FABLE

FABLE XVII.

A Fragrant Rose, in vernal bloom,
Close by a pensive Myrtle grew ;
A melancholy jealous gloom
Darken'd the Myrtle's native hue.
O happy Rose ! Myrtilla cry'd,
Thy sweets unrivall'd yet by art,
Fairest of flowers, she said, and sigh'd,
Thy blushes warm and win the heart.
Whilst all conspire to fan thy pride,
To me, like a neglected maid,
Attending joyless on a bride,
Nought but cold compliments are paid.
The Rose reply'd, Myrtilla cease ;
Why will you envy me my day ?
Why will you interrupt your peace ?
You may please long, if you'll be gay.
The Rose's dower is short-liv'd praise,
Vigour is yours, and length of days.
Chloe, love Admiration less,
Love solid Truth, and Virtue more ;

Then you will do what, I profess,

No woman ever did before.

Then Chloe, be for ever mine,

A Myrtle true, not one of these

That, like Myrtilla, sigh and pine

For all the lovers of the Rose.

FABLE

FABLE XVIII.

A Hungry Crow, lean as a stick,
 Beating about his hunting ground,
 To find, amongst the dead or quick,
 A dinner, if it could be found,
 Perceiv'd a Serpent lying basking,
 This is a glorious Worm indeed !
 One may dine here ; there is no need,
 Said he, to wait for any asking.
 On which Don Corvo cock'd his tail,
 And strutted in the gutter ;
 Resolv'd to fall to, tooth and nail,
 When he had carv'd and cut her.
 Instead of making a good dinner,
 Or making a good hit,
 Corvo, like many a foolish finner,
 Found himself miserably bit.
 Too late he found out his mistake ;
 Passion minds nothing but the form,
 Passion will seize upon a snake,
 And take it for a harmless Worm.

This Fable in his hand, a Miser
 Said to his son, 'Tis hard to tell
 How many people would be wiser,
 If they apply'd this Fable well ;
 You might have sav'd, said he, dear Will,
 Many a good pound and many a pill.
 The son reply'd, How folks are blind !
 I find it otherwise apply'd,
 It means an avaricious mind,
 That never can be satisfy'd.
 With hunger, toils, and danger struggling,
 Till, bit for want of taking heed,
 Some cunning Serpent makes him bleed,
 As you were made to bleed for smuggling.

FABLE

FABLE XIX.

A Fox, with Death before his eyes,
 And at his back
 The Furies, with their whips and cries,
 Encouraging the hellish pack,
 Stood on a precipice's brink,
 Having but little time to think :
 Of Friends of every kind
 And all resources now bereft,
 Presence of mind
 Was all the Fox had left.
 Upon the rock he spy'd a ledge,
 And on the ledge, either a bush
 With thorns and brambles, or a hedge,
 Where he propos'd to make a push ;
 He thought, if he could drop down plum,
 At worst he could but lose his brush,
 And scarify his bum.
 Accordingly, he had the luck
 To drop into the midst of all ;
 Where for some time he hung and stuck,
 And, hanging, broke his fall ;

But found his calculation fail,
 Entirely wrong from head to tail.
 The Fox was safe whilst he held fast,
 But was so mangled, rent, and torn,
 By Bramble and tenacious Thorn,
 He left his hold at last ;
 Got to his journey's end, he cry'd,
 With broken leg and bloody hide,
 This is the way it always ends,
 And so it should, and ever will,
 When one lays hold of Rogues for Friends,
 Trusting their honesty and skill.
 If you had fallen quite from the top,
 The Brambles answer'd one and all,
 If you had never made a stop,
 And never given us a call,
 Crush'd all to pieces like an egg,
 You would not have got off so well,
 Nor had so good a tale to tell
 About a broken leg.
 To keep out of Oppression's paw,
 Oblig'd to Westminster to ramble,

You

You lay fast hold upon the Law,
 And hang on Lawyer Thorn and Serjeant Bramble.
 When you have hung on Thorns and Briers,
 I mean these keen blood-drawing Lawyers,
 And hung as long as you well could,
 Think not to scape at any rate,
 Till you have left them half your blood,
 And lost a limb of your estate ;
 On this, and only this condition,
 The Law may save you from perdition.

FABLE XX.

HECTOR, a faithful Spaniel, spy'd
 His nephew, by a river side,
 A youth entirely free from guile,
 Running, but never taking heed,
 As if he took it for the Tweed,
 And had forgot it was the Nile.
 On which, with eager pace,
 Hector set out, and gave him chace.
 Prince turn'd, and ask'd, Why all this hurry ?
 Fearless and calm when others fear,
 But, when there is no danger near,
 My uncle's always in a flurry.
 Mind, Prince, cry'd Hector, what I say,
 You little know what traps and snares
 You may fall into unawares,
 If you run headlong in this way.
 Old folks, said Prince, are too suspicious,
 They fancy all our youthful hours
 Are spent in riot and amours,
 When they were young, they were so vicious :

But you must know I am no suitor ;
 So far from gallantry and courting,
 Or running after idle sporting,
 Know, I am running to my tutor,
 Whose wise and learned conversation,
 Let that suffice for your conjecture,
 I do prefer, good uncle Hector,
 To all the Bitches in the nation.
 That instant, from his oozy bed,
 A Crocodile put forth his snout,
 A sludge-wrapp'd bonnet hid his head,
 Entirely like a dirty clout.
 From that unhappy day, said Prince,
 The fatal news came by a Hound,
 You know, both then and ever since,
 We gave my mother up for drown'd.
 But my good friend there in the mud
 Has told me how that matter stood,
 Which either my good friend or I,
 Will tell you, uncle, by and by.
 The Cubs, my brothers, have the measles,
 My sisters look as thin as Weazles ;

And

And our physician Doctor Curr
 Declares, as sure as they're alive,
 'Twould kill them but to wet their furr;
 Then how the devil should they dive?
 So I am going to fulfil,
 To which you can have no objection,
 My blessed mother's blessed will,
 And study under her inspection.
 I was to bring her the whole Litter;
 But let them stay till they are fitter.
 Said Crocodile, then let them wait,
 Till they have leave of their Physician;
 They must not stir at any rate,
 Unless they have Dr. Curr's permission:
 But if you go, said he to Hector,
 The news will not so much affect her.
 Now, to your mother's praise and glory,
 I'll tell your uncle here her story:
 Struck with the beauty of that Dame,
 As on a bank she laid asleep;
 Our God, the God Anubis came,
 And hurry'd her into the deep.

Though

Though she was married to a God,
 And the sole partner of his bed,
 Her cubs, which was exceeding odd,
 Were always running in her head.
 Anubis, willing to assist her,
 In order to remove her grief,
 Made a proposal to your sister
 That gave immediate relief:—
 To keep them near her for the future,
 And to appoint me for their tutor.
 Dido, said he, trust to my friend
 (Our Crocodile let fall a tear),
 To Pharoah, here, I recommend,
 Your house, and all that you hold dear;
 Believe me, he will spare no pains,
 To cultivate their tender brains.
 One of your sons Pharoah will find,
 Close by the hill, and by and by
 Pharoah will bring you your young fry,
 And you'll be easy in your mind.

And

And now, said Pharoah, here I am,
 You need not stand to haw and hum,
 I'll soon convey you to your dam;
 And Hector too, if he will come.
 Besides the visit to your mother,
 'Tis highly worth your uncle's while
 To see the fountain of the Nile,
 He never will see such another.
 If I had never seen your charms,
 Your bonnet nor your snout at all;
 I knew you by your coat of arms;
 It hangs, said Hector, in our hall.
 I am engag'd, to my great sorrow:
 As to my nephew, here, said he,
 He must go back to day with me,
 He may return to you to-morrow.
 Pharoah, perceiving 'twas in vain
 To deal with Hector in that strain,
 Came forth, to Prince's great surprize,
 Shewing his horrid coat of mail,
 His dreadful jaws and wicked tail,
 Exhibited without disguise.

Wheel to the left, cry'd Hector, quick ;
 With Crocodiles when you are dealing,
 Keep them continually wheeling,
 You will soon make the monsters sick.
 Thus forc'd to quit the field in choler,
 Pharoah return'd, and lost his scholar.
 Befet with fraud on ev'ry side,
 With crocodiles in every street,
 'Tis dangerous, without a guide,
 For youth to advance or to retreat.
 In Westminster, how oft, at play,
 Unguarded boys are snatch'd away !

FABLE

FABLE XXI.

THE Cavalry for cart and plough
 Once on a time were much abus'd,
 As badly fed and as ill us'd,
 As thistle-eating Asses now.
 This dietetic alteration
 Was owing partly to a peace,
 And partly to the great increase
 Of folly like an inundation.
 That is, to the increase of Hunters,
 Racers for Ladies, Pads for Bunters ;
 Of Routs, Assemblies, and, of course,
 Cuckoldom simple and alone ;
 And Cuckoldom in the *bon ton*,
 Compounded with Divorce ;
 Which run on wheels, and swell th' account
 Of Horses to a vast amount.
 By this increase, it was observ'd,
 And, from the great decrease of corn,
 The labouring Horse was almost starv'd,
 A thing not to be born ;

And

And thereupon they all profess'd,
In presence of the *buinham* Lord,
Unless their wrongs were soon redress'd,

Their right and lawful feed restor'd,
These Carters would renounce the yolk,
The plough and cart might both stand still,
They would not move a wheel nor spoak
Against their own free will.

A headstrong Steed
Cry'd out, with indignation fir'd,
Do as your masters have requir'd;
Or, like vile rebels, you shall bleed.

Shall we be stinted in our Oats,
For *base-born Cattle*, such as you?
Sooner we'll help to cut your throats,
Than lose an atom of our due.

Go, scoundrels, pick yon common bare,
Your freehold, and your proper fare.
Poor Grey! reply'd one of the blacks,
This talk, methinks, is silly talk,
For one long us'd to drudge and walk,
And crouch, beneath a miller's sacks.

We

We find, in these degenerate days,
The best pack-horses are the Greys;
And furthermore, when we are dead,
Hung up, and punish'd to your mind,
The greatest slaves, at last, you'll find,
Will be the highest bred.

FABLE XXII.

FANCY *.

STRUCK with a block of Parian stone,
 In a repository lying ;
 Though he had many of his own,
 A sculptor could not pass it without buying.
 Henceforth, he cry'd, be it my part
 Thy latent, modest worth to blaze ;
 Say, shall I make thee, by my art,
 A God, a tripod, or a vase ?
 Be thou a God, and, if I please,
 The God whose bolts at pride are hurl'd ;
 Tremble, mankind, down on your knees,
 Behold the Sovereign of the world !
 Far as an artist's power can reach,
 Jupiter, it was confess'd,
 Throughout, in every thing but speech,
 Divinely was express'd.
 'Tis said his art went farther still,
 That he was the first dupe of his own skill.

His work, it seems, was scarce completed,
When lo ! with reverential awe,
From an imagination heated,
In his, the real God he saw.
Fix'd, like his Jupiter he stood,
Fear stopp'd the current of his blood.
Poets asleep, and poets waking,
Have also now and then been found,
And some with heads reputed found,
Frighten'd at Gods of their own making.
And folks in love are often smitten,
Contrary to their intention,
And are as often sadly bitten
By creatures of their own invention.
You sigh for Chloe, heavenly fair,
But you must ever sigh in vain ;
Chloe, whose cruel chains you wear,
Lives only in your brain.
Let fancy trace out a conceit,
And draw some beautiful deception,
Passion will catch at the deceit,
And take it under her protection.

'Tis

'Tis done, she is your's for evermore ;

Chloe, 'tis true,

Belongs to you,

But not the Chloe you adore.

Your husbands, ladies, are quite wrong,

They represent you in false lights ;

The burthen of a husband's song

Is, one and all—they all are bites.

Alas ! thy wife is not to blame,

There was no fallacy in Nan,

Thy injur'd wife is still the same,

Eadem semper, like queen Anne :

Serene with Nants, fat with October,

Eadem semper, never sober.

You bit yourself ; had you the wit,

You would continue to be bit.

As upon clouds the varying wind,

So fancy acts upon the mind ;

Blows vernal gales, and paints the skies

With angel forms that charm the eyes.

But oh ! delicious, flattering gales,

Boreas is coming with his storms,

Black clouds, like crocodiles and whales,
 Will drive away your angel forms.
 Fontaine's remark is deep and fly—
 We're all, says he, both age and youth,
 Warm in the interest of a lye,
 And cold as ice for naked truth.
 Why not, if naked truth be frightful,
 And fiction dress'd appear delightful?
 It is a universal foible;
 Fontaine is read from morn till night,
 By people that take no delight
 Over the Gospel or the Bible.
 Fiction is like a mistress gay,
 Truth like a wife. Would you, Sir, chuse
 To hear dull truths day after day
 Rather than fictions that amuse?
 Dull, naked truth, in case of need,
 I own, does well enough in bed,
 For there, and only there, indeed,
 Her mercury, attracts her lead.
 But not enough, I have a notion,
 To give the lead sufficient motion.

We

We all can magnify our ills ;
 It requires none, or little art,
 To turn our bon-bons into pills,
 Or make a bolus of a tart.
 To make a sweetmeat of a pill,
 Requires some fancy, and more skill.
 From whence there follows, with great ease,
 This truth, not easily defeated—
 We may be wretched when we please,
 But to be happy must be cheated.—
 May all that cannot do without them,
 All husbands, and all virtuous wives,
 Carry their remedy about them,
 And be impos'd on all their lives !
 May both of them do one or t'other,
 Deceive themselves, or cheat each other !

FABLE XXIII.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN OFFENSIVE AND
DEFENSIVE CUNNING.

A LION, with a wand'ring gout,
Upon his couch or bed lay roaring ;
The Courtiers all stood round about,
Every God and aid imploring.
Excruciated like a martyr,
The Doctors brought a thousand fops,
To pave the way for his departure,
They pour'd them down the Lion's chops,
Of all the Courtiers that attended,
Waiting about him in a ring,
The Wolf officiously pretended
To sympathize most with the King,
Whilst we are all in such a fright,
Sir, said the Wolf, it must appear
Extremely wrong, in every light,
That your Attorney is not here.

My

My friend the Fox is much to blame,
Now that your Majesty's so ill,
To roam about killing your game,
Bound by no laws but his own will.
He is the chief lord paramount,
And one would swear your forest-laws
Were only made on his account,
To fill his guts and grease his paws.
A selfishness and inattention,
Which otherwise I should not mention :
When our salvation is at stake,
When every one should watch and pray,
When every eye should be awake,
'Tis highly criminal, I say.
I say, that such a gross neglect,
In one that has the Royal ear,
Cannot but argue disrespect,
The consequence of which I fear.
Such subjects seldom, by design,
Stop at the disrespectful line.
At his return the Fox was told
How handsomely his friend had serv'd him ;

His spite at me is very old,
Says Master Fox, I have observ'd him.
Only because I go a fowling,
Am rich, and entertain my friends ;
Whilst he, for very hunger howling,
Is fit to eat his fingers ends.
Volpone that instant ran to court,
Salutes the Wolf quite frank and hearty ;
The Monarch cry'd, Had you good sport,
Sir Reynard ? who was of your party ?
Your Majesty, says the Attorney,
Is misinform'd about my journey.
That I was hunting is most true,
Making the strictest perquisitions,
Amongst the Magi and Physicians,
To find a remedy for you.
When your Gout's fix'd, or quite remov'd,
Then, Sir, my care and pious zeal,
For you, and for the common-weal,
Will be acknowledg'd and approv'd.
In the mean time I must proceed
To tell my sovereign Lord his cure ;

His

His royal heart, I know, will bleed,
I feel myself what he'll endure.
'Tis the advice of a wise Hermit,
A recipe I cannot term it,
Of a profound and learned Boar,
Whose hermitage is in a wood,
Who pores and studies evermore,
And studies only to do good.
A Wolf must presently be got,
In such a case it is no sin,
Flay him alive, and piping hot
Wrap the King up in the Wolf's skin.
Thus, Sir, if you will be directed,
Your pains will quickly be abated,
The morbid matter be ejected,
And health and vigour reinfated.
The Lion, rising from his seat,
Order'd the Wolf to rest content,
To lie down prostrate at his feet,
And patiently wait the event.
That done, he call'd his Surgeons in;
Flay me, said he, that Wolf completely,

Flay

Flay him alive, but flay him neatly,
Or you may spoil his honour's skin.
The brains of Wolves, as some report,
Are in the grinders of the brute;
Contrivance is not the Wolf's *fort*;
Beasts without scent ought to hunt mute;
Their howling spreads such an alarm,
They very seldom do much harm.—
Had the Wolf let the Fox alone,
Had he not forc'd him to contrive,
He might have sav'd his skin and bone,
He would not have been flay'd alive.—
To try his cunning and his art,
A would-be minister of State,
Dup'd by his own malicious heart,
Now and then meets with the same fate.
May all that follow the Wolf's trade
In the same coin be always paid !

FABLE XXIV.

THE MOLE.

WITH intellects by nature muddy,
 A Mole kept moiling under ground,
 Liv'd like Dun Scotus, in his study,
 And got the name of The Profound.
 At length by labouring and boring,
 Amongst the blind and the benighted,
 And by continually poring,
 He was accounted second-sighted,
 Thoroughly vers'd in every part
 And mystery of the black-art.
 In short, the studies of the blind
 Are always of the occult kind.
 As clear as you can see at noon
 He saw, according to report,
 What folks were doing in the Moon
 And were undoing about Court.
 Such was the Doctor's great renown,
 All kinds of people, young and old,

Came

Came and addres'd the velvet gown,
Eager to have their fortunes told.
His mother, a discreet old dame,
Knew well the genius of the youth;
She was not such a dupe to Fame
To take all her reports for truth.
Down she descends, without a rap,
And finds him about half awake,
Just in that studious kind of nap
That your great students often take.
Mother, said he, by all that's bright,
I saw you tripping o'er the plain;
What a fine thing is second-sight,
A fine illuminated brain;
I knew you, mother, well enough;
I heard your step an hour ago,
And smelt the fragrance of your ruff,
As I was studying below.
That you, said she, were always blind,
Was not a point that wanted clearing;
But now, alas! I also find,
You've neither feeling, smell, nor hearing.

When

When you set up to botanize,
 I prov'd, to cure you of your folly,
 You could not judge, by your own eyes,
 Between a Thistle and a Holly.
 But when you talk of second-sight,
 Let your internal light so shine,
 That not one soul shall by that light
 Find out a meaning or design.
 Therefore, to keep your reputation,
 Few words are best, my learned son;
 Avoid all kind of conversation—
 If you converse you are undone.
 They may consult you, if they will,
 But always keep in the same walk,
 Keep studying and conjuring still,
 Let all your talk be conjuring talk.
 For few folks pay, with a good grace,
 For any thing they understand;
 Nonsense is quite another case,
 'Tis the best trade throughout the land:
 Else how should doctors fare so well,
 And other trades that I could tell?

FABLE

FABLE XXV.

THE KING AND THE COBLER.

A Cobler, in a forry plight,
 Chang'd his profession, and turn'd Quack,
 Shut up his stall, and took his flight,
 With his whole fortune on his back.
 From mending shoes, to a Physician,
 Or to a mender of the state,
 Is no such violent transition,
 Nor an old tale quite out of date.
 An orator that speaks off hand,
 A speaker for the public good,
 Is not oblig'd, I understand,
 To make himself be understood :
 But if his speeches bring him pelf,
 You're sure he understands himself.
 The Cobler did not speak like Nestor,
 Whose words fell soft as flakes of snow,
 Nor like Therfites, the old jester,
 But like some orators we know.

His

His oratory cost him nought,
 His lungs were made of cobbler's leather,
 The words ran off as quick as thought,
 Rapid and clutter'd all together ;
 A kind of hurricane oration,
 A whirlwind, with an inundation.
 Or like a rapid roaring torrent,
 Full of confusion and disasters,
 With cattle swimming down the current,
 And fishes laying in the pastures ;
 Cottages, houses, meadows, wood,
 Standing in water or in mud.
 Speaking was not his surest card,
 The best was of his own invention ;
 It was an antidote to guard
 Against all poison you could mention.
 Its fame was spread through every quarter,
 And all folks drank it like Tar-water.
 God bless his Majesty ; the King,
 Like other folks, had got a cold,
 On which the Courtiers in the ring
 Observ'd that some folks were grown bold.

From

From thence it went through every rout,
 In whispers, whisper'd very low,
 The King was poison'd, without doubt,
 By poison that would poison flow.
 The King was speedily appriz'd
 Of what folks said, and all folks thought,
 And by the Cabinet advis'd
 To take the Cobler's antidote.
 He would have taken it, I fear,
 Had it not been for a wise Seer.
 Sir, what your ministers advise,
 Suppose the fact be true, indeed,
 Said he, may be extremely wise;
 But let them on sure ground proceed.
 Order the Doctor to appear,
 And then I'll make this matter clear.
 The Cobler was directly call'd,
 A glass of water stood prepar'd,
 The cobling Doctor stood appall'd,
 The King and all the Courtiers star'd.
 Take, said the Seer, this glass and view it:
 Doctor, said he, if you're so clever,

To

To take this potion, and subdue it,

Your fame and fortune's fix'd for ever.

That it is poison is most true,

The worse, the deadlier the draught,

The greater honour will be due

To your alexipharmic craft.

Now, Doctor, you must shew your skill;

Whip them off clean, and make your will.

The Coffer fell upon his knees:

I own, said he, my want of knowledge,

And also own that my degrees

Were taken at the Coblers college:

For want of practice, and from hunger,

I turn'd a counter-poison monger.

Let it not cause the least alarm,

I'll answer for it with my blood,

It can do no one any harm,

But may do fanciful folks good.

In short, 'tis neither more nor less,

'Tis my own water, I confess.

Then, turning to the King, the Seer

Said, pray Sir, ask your good friends here,

What their advice was built upon,
What they could mean, what were their views,
To let you trust your life with one
That none would trust with their old shoes.
So long betray'd, so long deceiv'd,
The King reply'd, I'm truly griev'd.
These rogues, that gave themselves such airs,
That made bad worse, are fairly trapp'd;
These coblers shall be kick'd down stairs,
Turn'd out, and all be soundly strapp'd.
Sir, said the Seer, after their flogging,
Pray give me leave to make a motion,
That every one shall take a noggin
Of Doctor Strap's salubrious potion;
'Twill either prove a mild emetic,
A gentle purge, or diuretic.
Mind, Doctor, cry'd the King, and laugh'd,
Do you take care that every man
Drink the King's health in a full can,
And pay you for your cordial draught.
Now, said the King, I am quite fast,
All kind of menders I have try'd;

The menders of the other side
 Cobbled exactly like the last.
 When my two doctors disagree,
 To drive out both, with resolution
 To trust to a good constitution
 And temperance is best for me.

The members of the other side
 Cebbed exactly like the last.
 When my two doctors disagreed
 To drive out both, with resolution
 To trust to a good constitution
 And temperance is all set me.

FABLE XXVI.

THE INDEPENDENT OXEN AND THE GRAND ALLIES.

FOUR powerful Oxen, fat as bacon,
One weigh'd a hundred stone at least,
As brave, for all he was a capon,
As Captain Bull, at a bull-feast ;
I mean a Bull with his young bride,
And her bride-maidens, by his side.
These Oxen never could be parted,
Either by foes, or strefs of weather ;
They neither fear'd, flinch'd, nor started,
When all their horns were clubb'd together :
Even the Lion's roaring pride,
With all his terrors, they defy'd.
Whoever had contriv'd to fat 'em,
Their buttocks look'd so plump and nice,
The Lion fain would have been at 'em,
The Lion long'd for a good slice :

But he had sense enough to know,
They did not wear their horns for show.
As to the Lion's knowledge-box,
His headpiece was not worth a rush;
The Lion's chancellor, the Fox,
Had far more knowledge in his brush.
Jackall was sent, the Fox's friend,
To bid the chancellor attend.
A Fox is not a royal treat,
And therefore Reynard might rely on,
Unless he had nothing else to eat,
The word and honour of a Lion.
The Fox perceiv'd, by Jack's report,
Deliver'd with a savoury smell,
That peace and plenty reign'd at court,
That the King's stores were furnish'd well.
On which he set out with Jackall,
Obedient to the Lion's call.
Treated with a most gracious smile,
Instead of a most hearty meal,
They both were thank'd, in the old style,
For their great loyalty and zeal.

The

The royal paw of course was kifs'd,
 And Jack purveyor was dismiss'd.
 Fox, said the King, weigh well this matter—
 Four Oxen are encamp'd hard by,
 There never were four eunuchs fatter,
 Nor any eunuchs half so sly :
 Bestir yourself, my learned chief,
 Contrive to put these friends asunder,
 If you have any love for beef,
 Or any love for lawful plunder.
 The fat tid-bits, the choicest meat,
 Their lights and livers, tongues, and hearts,
 Fall to your Lordship by escheat,
 With all their tripes and inward parts.
 To work goes Reynard with his brains,
 Finds out, and thus harangues our cattle :
 The greatest sovereign of the plains,
 Offers you peace, or deadly battle.
 I am the Lion's plenipo,
 His gracious intent I know ;
 His Majesty had rather far
 You should chuse peace, for your own sakes ;

Whoever is dispos'd for war
Should know the task he undertakes.—
Are you prepar'd to bid defiance,
Against so powerful an alliance ?
The King will march with his allies,
Tigers and Leopards in his pay,
With wolves of an enormous size,
Tartars, that only fight for prey ;
Unless you banish from your states
That insolent enormous beast,
A brute that every creature hates ;
That only lives to cram and feast.
'Tis your own interest, depend on't,
'Tis obvious to common sense ;
Declare yourselves quite independent,
Banish your tyrant far from hence :
Extend your trade, encrease your food—
All the King's views are for your good.
By tyranny and usurpations,
To what a bulk the monster's grown !
Whilst you, by bars and limitations,
Must be reduc'd to skin and bone.

Many,

Many, with looks profound and wise,
To cunning fall a sacrifice ;
And thus their chief, by threats and art,
Was driven out and forc'd to run ;
Their wisest head, and stoutest heart,
They lost at once, and were undone :
For when their main support was gone,
All four were pick'd up one by one.

Reader, perhaps you are not able
To mark the Actors in the fable :
I do not know, myself, the Fox,
But England is the monstrous Ox :
If you can't guess the other three,
You'll never be inform'd by me.
The Lion is—you'll not guess soon,
A royal house—house of Baboon—
The grand Baboon of Monkey-land
Has the whole house at his command.

A FRAG-

Many, with looks of joyful surprise

To see the old man, who had been

And now they stood in the street and

He drove out and back to the

That was his, and the old man

That he had seen and was now

For the first time in many years

He saw the old man, who had been

And now they stood in the street and

He drove out and back to the

That was his, and the old man

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That was his, and the old man

That he had seen and was now

For the first time in many years

He saw the old man, who had been

And now they stood in the street and

He drove out and back to the

A
FRAGMENT
OF AN
EPIC POEM.

BOOK IV.

Musæum, ante omnes, medium, nam plurima turba,
Hunc habet, atque humeris extantem suspicit omnes
Dicite Fælices Animæ, Tuque optime vates
Quæ Regio Anchisen, quis habet Locus? illius ergo
Venimus, et magnos Erebi tranavimus amnes.

ARGUMENT.

The hero applies to a sorceress, called a Spey-Wife—she informs him of what is necessary for him to do to accomplish his desire of visiting the Infernal Regions, conducts him, blindfold, to the brink of a deep pit near the Spey, called the Witches hole; where he is to remain upon his knees during the Magic Rites—Incantation—Instruction—Voyage to Hell—The Paradise of Blessed Fools.

A FRAGMENT, &c.

* * * * *

Evening came on, and with the setting sun
 The rites were ended, and the charm was done.
 The Beldam Spey-wife bade the Hero rise,
 And bade him take the bandage from his eyes.
 All is prepar'd, your equipage is ready ;
 Speed you my son, she said, be bold and steady,
 The moment that he saw, where he was led ;
 His head forsook him, like a moon-struck head,
 And, as a roosted turkey, staring drops,
 His head quite lost, into a Fox's chops,
 The chief fell headlong down the vast profound,
 Nor felt himself, before he felt the ground ;
 Then felt at once 'twas hell ; but knew no more
 How he came there than Dives did before.

* * *

* * * * *

Treading the dreary waste, with feet unblest'd,
 His shoulders mounted high above the rest,
 He spied, amidst a crew of perjur'd dead *,
 Old Samuel, shaking his Colossean head ;
 Filmer before, Sacheverell in the rear,
 With unbelieving David †, and Shebbeare ;
 St. John pass'd by, and Prior laughing loud,
 Pointing to Paul ‡, with Dashwood in the crowd ;
 Bolingbroke wheeling stopp'd, and with surprise
 Cried out, By G—, I scarce can trust my eyes !
 Mat, turn about, as sure as we are damn'd,
 There's M——y, kissing Dr. Samuel's hand.

* The Jacobites, that took the oaths to government.

† *With unbelieving David*]. An Epicurean Philosopher of the North, in whom were united the principles of two sects, seemingly opposite—a Pyrrhonist in Revelation ; a Dogmatist in Faction, who does not believe God's word, but will take a Tory's word for any thing.

‡ *Paul*]. A Poet Laureat of the same name and of the same time with the present ; but not the same King.

How

How could the quibbling casuist contrive
 To cheat our master §, and get here alive ?
 The Reverend Chieftain of the Law, you'll guess,
 Had reach'd the Ancient Chieftain of the Press.
 To Samuel, thus, the chief address'd his speech,
 " Spirit of Night, profound didactic Leech ;
 And, ye attendants, say ; you know too well,
 Where dwells your King that sent you all to hell ?"

To whom the Seer reply'd, with bellowing voice,
 " Here we have room enough ; but little choice,
 As upon earth ; in this sequester'd vale
 We have no certain dwelling, but a jail :
 Thither, at certain periods, we repair,
 At certain periods wander here and there.
 'Tis neither East nor West, nor North nor South,
 We live as heretofore, from hand to mouth.

§ *Our Master*]. Some read his master ; but our master is better ;
 for he was certainly their master : whether he was his or no, might
 be guessed by his works ; but could only be known by himself. It is
 remarkable, that those who seldom speak truth upon earth, are never
 permitted to lie here. No person dare speak affirmatively but from
 knowledge. To be obliged to speak truth must be a terrible punish-
 ment for a liar—and to none so much as a Liar *ex Officio*.

M——d

M——d go on, you have not far to go,
 Down in that bottom lies the seat of woe.
 There you will find the Sovereign of your heart,
 Your King, still acting the same drivelling part.”
 “ But, says the Doctor, with a Cynick sneer,
 What do you think of our grand landscapes here ?
 I have seen just such scenes up in your North,
 Is not that solemn river like your Forth ?
 The lofty banks of Forth, that so delight us,
 Are in the taste of these, along Cocytus.”
 This said, the Chief, without the least reply,
 Bowed, and pursued his journey with a sigh *.

* As every one is not endowed with the gift of discerning, nor with a taste for relishing the delicacy of an allegory, which is the soul of an heroic Poem, it will not be amiss to inform the Reader, that this laborious journey to the Infernal Regions means no more than the dry study and unpleasant drudgery of a certain science which the sublimest genius must submit to before he can reach the height of his profession—When he is at the top, and mounted upon his tribunal, he has hell in full view ; for he must necessarily, like Rhadamanthus, be made acquainted with every crime and every kind of iniquity, that entitles human nature to be virtually represented in that senate.

Joyless,

Joylefs, he labour'd, through the barren fand,
Oft ftroak'd his wig, and often pinch'd his band :
Arriv'd—the Porter hail'd him with a grin,
The gates flew open, and he enter'd in.
The firft he fix'd his eyes upon was Laud,
With pontiff curfes fwearing like a bawd,
Leading the Martyr Charles through thick and thin,
Scourg'd for ten thoufand years, and fcourg'd by
Prynne.

Stenny he faw, along with daddy James,
Tied back to back, and both impail'd in flames.
His other Paramours, all in a row,
Were all impail'd, up to the waift in fnow.
And farther on, continuing his rout,
He faw a black and difmal head peep out,
Out of a boiling cauldron, through the fmoke,
Juft like the head, out of the Royal Oak.
Two figures next approach'd, in monkifh weeds,
Muttering fantaftic prayers, and dropping beads.
The two laft James's, walking with bead-rolls,
Condemn'd to pray in vain for all their fouls ;

For ages doom'd, in that devoted pound
To walk, incessantly, their foolish round.
Hook'd by the ribs, on a high gibbet, hung
Kirk; still retaining his audacious tongue,
Cried, as they pass'd, 'tis certain—tho' 'tis hard,
The prayers of fools can never fly a yard.
Nothing can ever make these blockheads wise—
How do you think that yours can mount the skies?
Arm'd with credentials from the Cocoa-tree
Down dropp'd the chief upon his bended knee;
Father and son both eyed him with dismay,
Both of them cross'd themselves, and walk'd away.

A dreadful cave now struck his soul with awe,
Here were the baleful caverns of the law.
Blue lightnings issued forth, and from within
His ears were harrow'd with terrific din,
Chains, lashes, creaking wheels, and crackling bones,
Yells, horrid shrieks, and everlasting groans.
Before the entrance two grim monsters lay,
With many monster cubs, in snarling play,

Chicane

Chicane the dam, and rapine was their fire,
Their mouths foam'd black, their eyes were balls of
fire :

Hell-hounds, the likest to a wolf in make,
A lion's paw, their tail a hooded snake * ;
The Chief mov'd forward, till advancing nigh,
Bristling they rous'd and gave a hideous cry.
His staff disclos'd he wav'd with awful nod,
Jaw-lock'd they gaz'd upon the golden rod,
Loud thunder shook the adamantine jail,
The whole pack crouch'd and Rapine wagg'd his tail.

- A hollow voice broke from the cells below :
" Stop, Mortal, Stop : Ah, whither would you go !
These are the endless labyrinths of hell,
Relentless vengeance reigns through every cell."
'Tis not the voice of warning from a friend,
'Tis a damn'd Lawyer warns you of his end.

* *hooded snake*]. The Cobro Capello or Coiffed-head, the most deadly of all serpents.

Amidst eternal torments from his den,
 Preaching unwillingly, to long-rob'd men.
 Artful he was, invading, but not brave,
 A willing hireling, but a timid slave.
 Eagle-eyed Judgement, parts almost divine,
 Learning that flow'd from an exhaustless mine.
 Hero in Science, to its utmost stretch,
 Bacon that Hero was—and I that Wretch.
 I could besides quote many a serious case ;
 Would you were here, to quote them in my place :
 After this warning that can never be ;
 Farewel for ever—If you think of me.
 Follow Cocytus up the realms of night,
 The mournful waters fly the verge of light.
 The plaintive streams diminish all the way,
 Divide and languish at the sight of day.
 Lost amongst frightful rocks its source you'll see,
 Within the dolorous region of Ennui.—
 Terrible lesson this—Bacon indeed !
 Think of you, said the Chief !—Yes—I had need.
 The ways of Justice here pass our vain skill ;
 God's Justice is his own unerring will.

What's

What's that to you? said Bacon; Idle prate!
 Your wills are crooked—but the laws are straight.
 He felt the stroke, and, like the stricken deer,
 Turn'd round, stole off, and dropp'd a painful tear.

Silent he wound along the rueful coast,
 And heard the moans of many a wretched ghost,
 Wand'ring they walk'd, or fix'd in horror stood,
 Nail'd on the banks of that lamenting flood.
 Thousands he met, returning to their graves,
 Wash'd every night in those disastrous waves.
 Far to the right a peep of day appear'd,
 Leaving the rocks behind, to that he steer'd.
 A boundary stood there—a blasted tree,
 Hell goes no farther—and there ends Ennui.

The Chief press'd on with unremitting speed,
 And now in day-light thought he saw the Tweed,
 Working its weary way through wide domains,
 Where merciless Ennui for ever reigns.

Through sandy tracts and sherifdoms of fen,
Border'd with peat-moss far as eye can ken,
Where spiteful Boreas shews his utmost spite,
And whistling gathers every poison'd blight.
'Twas not the Tweed, the semblance mock'd the
Chief;

Ideal witchcraft—seat of mental grief,
Where every object has its proper pain,
To tire the eye, to rack or mope the brain.
Close by the shore he saw in bonnets blue
Many a rebel chief that once he knew;
Fain would have stopp'd them, but they all retir'd,
Save one, whose penance was almost expir'd.
He seem'd an antient Piper, by his geer,
His port was stately, and his eye severe.
A lyre, appendant to his bagpipe hung,
And thus the Northern Orpheus said or sung:
“ Out of a roguish king, against all rule,
I undertook to make a learned fool;
And here I am, sent hither, as you see,
For having made him—what he was—all Three.

His

His royal inclinations were his own,
 And all his vice—for virtue he had none.
 I am Buchanan, this is my reward,
 Make no reply ; but listen to your Bard.
 A while upon the beech I'll take my stand,
 Till I explain the wonders on each hand.
 We on the left enclos'd within those shoals
 Dwell in the country of perturbed souls.
 Hither transported for a certain space,
 The restless spirit finds no resting place.
 And here the jaded traveller resorts,
 Whose days are lost in brothels or in courts.
 The midnight gambler, when his race is run,
 That lives undoing, and that dies undone.
 Wild Mountaineers, who neither plow nor sow,
 Who wish no greater curse to their worst foe *.

* This is the character of all savages : the Abbé R——l speaking of the Canadians, says “ Leur plus vive Imprécation contre un Ennemi Mortel, c'étoit qu'il fut réduit à labourer un Champ.” *Histoire Politique et Philosophique*, vol. VI. p. 14.

The lawless spoiler, and the licensed cheat,
That eat the bread of outrage and deceit.
Here we must stay till we have cleared our score,
Our penance ended—we are wafted o'er;
Mean while, insuperable waves divide
The Paradise, where blessed fools reside.
We see the Land of Pleasure with despair,
And curse the stream that keeps us where we are,
With anguish view the happiest of Isles,
Where Plenty laughs, and every Season smiles,
Like birds of passage with instinctive sail,
There venial sinners fly with every gale;
Even ambition, avarice, and pride,
Provided Folly only was their guide.
The fool who starv'd himself, and meant no ill,
May starve in Paradise, or take his fill.
Those who were fond of rank and royal show,
Are shadowy Kings and empty Peers below.
All Kings, all Statesmen, have some foolish leaven,
The best come there before they are fit for heaven.
None go directly to that holy place,
But Ideots, Infant Babes, and Babes of Grace.

Sins of complexion, fashion, and skin deep,
Arrive *per saltum*, following like sheep.
But mighty finners come not with such ease,
They must come far about, through dreadful seas;
The vainest creatures the most harmless are,
The poorest poet is the vainest far;
God gives the croaking frog, like these vain things,
Some satisfaction, whilst he thinks he sings.
And there the Poet sings, the Lover wooes,
And his warm turtle spreads her tail and cooes.
Many a Debauchee you think in hell
There meets a hearty welcome, and fares well;
Tyrant of beings, worthier than himself,
The Squire pursues, like a malicious elf,
The ghosts of weeping stags and timorous hares,
And for the souls of innocents lays snares :
Just the same noisy fool he was above,
That men despised, and only brutes could love."
Buchanan finish'd, pointing to a boat,
Gave a few hints, and vanish'd quick as thought;
Close to the shore a dogged boatman plied,
Cover'd with Tartan rags in squalid pride;

The

The Chieftain lifted up his hand in air,
He knew old Lovat, and he knew his fare :
Simon, invited by the Scotch bawbee,
Push'd his boat through the mud, and took his fee.
I knew you, said the boatman, at first sight ;
I see your travels have not chang'd you quite.
You are a judge, now judge between us two,
Which of us is the worthiest, I or you ;
You sent me here—I know it gave you pain,
I transport you, as much against the grain.
Troth, maister M—y, if I had the power,
You should go back, and finish the grand tour.
Or else, amuse yourself, if you thought good,
Amongst your friends on this side of the flood.
Taunting and gibing, Simon stemm'd the tide,
And landed M——y on the envied side.
With Talbot, Hardwicke, Pelham, in his train,
And ancient Peers, without a single Thane.
The Second George was walking on the key,
And view'd the fullen marshes of Ennui.

He

He saw the Clans distinctly with his glafs,
 Like Mews and Sea Gulls, wailing on the Bafs *.
 Balmarino, said George, Cameron I know ;
 I never hated any gallant foe :
 All would have scaped, had they been only mine ;
 Would I could waft them o'er, and pay their fine.
 Whigs have been sometimes cheats, and often tools,
 Tories were always knaves, and Jacks but fools.
 Hardwicke replied, " Sir, Nothing is more true ;"
 T—l—t rejoined, " If you'll except a few."
 " Supposing," Stanhope said, " This can be done,
 In which of these exceptions is your son ?"
 " My Lord," said Talbot, " both of us were bit ;
 I, as a humble patriot, you a wit :
 You could not make a genteel rogue of Phil ;
 Nor I an honest Whig of graceless Will.
 I grant he kennels with a knavish pack,
 But hope and think my son is but a Jack.
 Yon rebels were not trapp'd in Folly's snare ;
 'Twas treachery and falsehood brought them there.

* Bafs, a famous Rock Island, near the mouth of the Forth.

No sooner set ashore than in a scrape,
Placed in full view—no chance for an escape;
Confused the Chief advanc'd—and all the while
Kept up a constant fire of bow and smile.

“Whoever thought to see that Gownman here?
Tell him,” said George, “to drop into the rear.”

“How brisk my uncle looks!” said Jack *, “how
young!”

George gave a Pugh!—and Jack put out his tongue,
The King had turn'd from that contrasted scene
To sprightly meads and lawns for ever green:
Wood-waving mountains, sunny sheep-clad hills,
And valleys tinkling with perpetual rills.
Not far from thence a terrace lifted high,
With antique towers arrests the ravish'd eye:
Proud Windsor rush'd into the Chieftan's mind,
Thither they hied—and left the Chief behind.
Despised by George, suspected by the best;
Dreaded by some, and hated by the rest.

* Jack Mostyn.

Cloſe by the Royal Dome the King ſtopt'd ſhort,
 And ſaid, " My Lords, you hear the late report—
 Lyttelton's come—If ſo—pray, heaven, he bring,
 Good news from honeſt England, and its King :
 Your brother's not yet come—Fame ſays he's dead ;
 Pelham, what think you ?—Pelham ſhook his head.
 " I fear," he answer'd, after a ſhort pauſe,
 " If there's bad news my brother was the cauſe.
 You, Royal Sir, are not without ſome blame,
 Knowing their hopes, and knowing whence they came.
 You, Sir, yourſelf, was once the riſing ſun,
 And ſaw what lengths ambitious courtiers run."
 " Pelham," replied the King, " I own 'tis true ;
 All this, and more than this, Alas, I knew.
 I ſaw with pleaſure, when I ceaſed to reign,
 My people ſoon would wiſh me back again."
 The Monarch then, it was his uſual hour,
 Slipp'd from them, hurrying to Valmoden's bower.

M——y, though humbled, not without diſdain
 Travers'd the lawns, and faunter'd down a lane ;

On

On each side, arbours, alleys, and alcoves,
 And dark recesses for the modest loves.
 A noble matron *, double-gilt with grace,
 Attends, and does the honours of the place.
 The secrets of that walk no tongue must tell,
 There silence dwells; there only fit to dwell.
 Just at the turn he stopp'd to take a view,
 A building seem'd to offer something new;
 A manfarde roof, a contour light and trim,
 Like a Financier's toy or Marquis whim.
 Placed in a plain, in flowery mazes scrawl'd,
 The plain a sweeping curve with horn-beams wall'd,
 Sprinkled with figur'd plots, where statues stray,
 Where urns and vases rest and fountains play.
 The doors cry out, the windows all proclaim,
Vive le Roy—from France the fancy came.
 The garden-gate, said he, cries out *Encore*;
 The lines above, perhaps, may tell us more
 Inscription light, and airy like the rest;
 Trick'd up in airy French, and thus express'd:

* A late Dutcheß, Kingston.

Entrez, aimable fou, soiez content et gai,
Ici, l'on est content, et plus fou qu'à l'ernai :
Nous chantons, nous buvons, faisons des vaude-
villes,

A nos cotés toujours tenons nos jolies filles :
Notre joyeux concert, pour nous, est assez beau
Nous n'envions aucun qui psalmodie en haut,
Ni saint ni sainte vierge, équipage inutile ;
Ici point de pucelle ; et point de difficile.
Voulez vous attrister votre vin, mes amis ?
Allez à cet hotel, justement vis-à-vis,
Des filles fuiez-vous l'impertinent ramage ?
Allez, apprenez là, que c'est que d'être sage,
Au Sçavoir vivre Anglois, et Sçavez vous pour quoi ?
S'ennivrer tristement, c'est Sçavoir vivre là.

M——y was not in cue for folks so gay,
He flouched his hat, and stepp'd across the way.
'Twas still the mart of British wit and vice,
Arthur's——but what is Arthur's without dice ?
A garden, with but one forbidden tree,
Of black-leg Knowledge ; all the rest were free.

Thank-

Thankless, indifferent to all the rest,
 Of all God's blessed fools they were least blest.
 He pass'd unnotic'd through the maudlin gloom,
 And in a corner snug studied the room.
 There made these sketches—leaning on his cane,
 Drawn on the Album of his fruitful brain.
 Northington there!—I envy his good luck,
 And C——s Y——k too!—Both of them drunk as
 muck.

Here I am lost—I can't conceive a bit,
 What a weak instrument is human wit!
 Instead of contradicting and asserting,
 Bedford—grown narrative and less diverting;
 Poor matter—the same manner—smart and quick,
 B——d house anecdotes; and pranks of Dick*.
 Is that a soul that's sleeping by the fire?
 Hah! honest Stee! would I could see your fire!
 What penfive wight is that tracing with wine,
 Like Archimedes, some sublime design?

* Dick Rigby.

I know

I know him well, and if I judge aright,
 Those lines are gibbets—his supreme delight :
 The table's full of them—alive or dead
 Hanging must always run in S——'s * head.
 Wilkes, much the liveliest of all the club,
 The Wits—as flat as monumental Bub ;
 Bub † in the chair—no more like flesh and blood,
 Than the first Consul's Image, made of wood.
 Our Orators blow cold—temperate at most ;
 No heated wind blows here from the gold coast.
 O North, where is thy sting ? O Gibby, say—
 What are you both, but buttermilk and whey ?
 Tax-ridden Porter, cheated of its malt,
 Or wambling, oatmeal porridge without salt.
 Waddling, with pinking eyes, and head-piece loose,
 St—y ‡ still gabbles, like a stubble goose.
 P—'s || eloquence by all that I can find,
 Vanish'd, and has not left a wreck behind.
 The Chief, just at that instant, raised his head,
 And caught P—s eye, that almost look'd him dead.

* Selwin's.

† Bub Dodington, lord Melcombe.

‡ Hans Stanly.

|| Pitt's.

Struggling—at last he started from his seat,
Awoke—and found C—n-wood a safe retreat—
Safe in his bed, in a fine breathing steam,
Refreshing, after such a feverish dream.

MONKISH

MONKISH EPITAPHS.

EPITAPH UPON ONE OF THE NOBLE FAMILY
OF THE SCROPES.

V ALE spes, et vale metus,
Hic qui-esuit inquietus,
Domini Scropi hac in fofsâ
Tandem requiescunt ossa.
Caput rarum, rarum, rarum,
Direparum, harum, starum,
Vitæ minus, minus, minus,
Rorum, rorum, rorum, finis.
Et en ! Solam en !
Et laborum rorum, rorum,
Men, men, men.

Note.

- 3 Ter-rarum.
- 3 Ter-minus.
- 3 Ter-rorum.
- 3 Ter-men.
- 2 Du-rorum.

Starum, by an aphœresis, for
istarum.

En solamen.

TRANSLATED.

A Long farewell to Hope and Fear ;
 A restless traveller rests here.
 Scrope's weary bones no more shall ake,
 His watchful eyes no longer wake.
 The head of all these plains, ah, why
 Should heads so spiritual die ?
 (The matter in them is so small
 And light, 'tis next to none at all) ;
 Time, envious Time, shorten'd his reign,
 And ne'er will shew his like again.
 Religious moralist attend,
 Here, and here only, toil and grief
 Shall find sure comfort and relief,
 And every pain and terror end.

 EPITAPH UPON AN ABBOT.

ABI viator hinc, hic nihil agis,
 Hic est Martinus, hic Martinus jacet;
 Hic nihil est *, et quod mirandum magis,
 Hic tamen est, et tamen tacet.
 Hic manet, et perpetuo stabit,
 Nec illum tuba fuscitabit
 Finalis, nisi finê rerum
 Pro mannâ concedatur panis
 Tangibilis et non in anis
 Et pro cœlesti rore merum.
 Et linguæ sit in omni ævo
 Libertas, frœno sine scœvo.
 Cui non est libera loquela,
 Est sicut manû nimis parcâ
 Vili recondita in areâ
 Extincto lumine candela.

* From edo, es, est.

TRANSLATED.

HERE Martin keeps not to detain you,
For here he cannot entertain you,
A stricter fast than monks in high Lent;
And, stranger still, here Martin's silent.
Here he remains and will remain,
Nor e'er consent to rise again,
Though the last trumpet sounds the alarm,
And angels offer him an arm,
Or a kind Cherub spreads his wings
That like a sky-lark mounts and sings,
Unless, instead of heavenly dews
And manna, only food for Jews,
He finds pure wine, both dry and sweet,
Palpable bread and solid meat.
Freedom of speech without restriction,
Danger, reproof, or contradiction.
To shut one's mouth and hold one's tongue
Who can submit to, old or young?

Jacebit semper areâ pari,

Si non quod sentiat, potest fari.

'Tis like a lock'd up candle's end,
 That frights no foe, and lights no friend.
 If that's the case here he will lie
 Rather than sit with mutes on high.
 No place like this so well can suit
 A moping chartreux, or a mute.

TRANS-

EPITAPH UPON A RECTOR.

METUENS compedes et dolum,
Ut lupus, semper vertens solum,
Qui nullâ diu mansit ædê,
Hic tandem manet, captus pedê :
Equiso, remex, navigator
Inter fumantes legislator ;
Qui sicut Moses in obscuris
Cordibus leges, dedit duris :
Venator, maxime mansuetus,
Feræ nullius mortê lætus ;
Piscator sancti Papæ morê,
Forma solummodo et orê,
Auceps, sed incruentus, suavis,
Cæde nullius gaudens avis.
Venaticarum legum, facer
Interpres, atque vindex acer,
Venaticus salvator verus,
Spoliatoribus severus.

Athleta,

TRANSLATED.

HE whom no house, no haunt could hold,
Wand'ring like wolves from fold to fold,
Who made each house each hill and dale,
Both an asylum and a jail,
Laid by the heels and caught at last,
Is here confined in durance fast,
By land for ever, on the hoof,
By water, always water-proof.
Jocky, groom, sailor, first of jokers,
And legislator amongst smokers.
Like Moses, wrapt in clouds of smoke,
He laid down laws to hearts of oak;
A sportsman keen by land and water,
Yet never took delight in slaughter;
A fisher, like the pope, of fish,
Who never caught one single dish.
Tender to game of every sort
He shed no harmless blood in sport;

No

Athleta, pugil et saltator,
Tibicen, fidicen, cantator
Chori dux strenuus campanibis,
Nec poetarum choro, vilis.
Epistolarum, manû litâ
Scriba, Minervâ nec invitâ.
Quas olim, ut Sybilla fecit,
Omnibus captandas jecit,
Sic vitæ spatia variavit,
Et velut tempus properavit,
Nunc in præsentî ad propinqua,
Et in propinquo, ad loginqua.
Proficiendo, nil profecit
Sedulitatê, nil effecit.
Eodem modo, quot quot nati,
Mortales omnes, sunt creati,
Gestiunt omnes, comparare
Quod nemini fas est sperare.
Et quasi pueri, vagantes,
Umbras venantur anhelantes :

Passeres

No plaintive widow of the wood
Mourn'd for her mate or infant-brood.
Venatic saviour, most deserving,
Not for destroying but preserving.
Not more renown'd for song and pipe
Than for a powerful fist and gripe.
He set the spoiler in the stocks,
And fell'd the poacher like an ox.
Chief of the music of the steeple
A poet amongst tuneful people,
A scribe that never miss'd a mail,
Whose letters flew as thick as hail,
That like the Sybils leaves in air,
He threw at random every where.
All his pursuits were much the same,
Much expectation, and no game :
Like father Time for ever moving,
Never improved, always improving.
All mortals that are made of clay
Proceed exactly on his way.
As anxious children waiting stand,
Then flily creep, with salt in hand,

**Passeres captant et alaudas,
Injuncto falê supra caudas.**

EPI-

To catch hedge-sparrows, larks, or quails,
If they can lay salt on their tails.
Even so, our measures, schemes, and cares,
Are oft as weak and vain as theirs.
Amongst us all, alas, how few
Have skill to catch what we pursue.

Cetera desunt.

TRANS-

EPITAPH UPON A DOCTOR.

HIC jacet medicus chyrurgus,
Morti perfimilis Vanpurgus :
Cui mors occurrens circumventi,
Loco cedebat metû ingenti,
Vel in speculo videre Macrum,
Sui putavit simulacrum.
Oculis similes et nasus,
Pro naso, nasi fuit basis,
Pro lumine, cœcum foramen
Ceus lampas, luminis gestamen,
Horrendus, oris vicê; rictus,
Nec mento locus est relictus.
Intus, nil nisi vacua spatia,
Cutê conclusa coriaceâ :
Veluti loculi poetæ,
Vacui victus et monetæ.
Et artis instrumenta talia
Illi fuerunt, morti qualia

Haud

TRANSLATED.

HERE end the bleedings and the purgings
Of the ghastliest of doctor surgeons.
Vanpurge lies here, who, on living ground,
So much the shadowy king resembled,
Whene'er death met him in his round
Death turn'd out of the road and trembled ;
Or seeing the glancing phantom pass
He thought he saw himself in a glass.
Both of them look'd as if their faces
Were made of weather-beaten stone,
With nought for noses but their bases,
Nought for their cheeks and chin but bone.
Instead of eyes, dark hollow sockets ;
Instead of mouths, a horrid grin ;
Their inside like a poet's pockets,
Space circumscribed by a leather skin.
Their trade, their instruments, the same ;
Alike in all things, but the name.

Haud mirum est, si corvo scævo,
Langævior erat longævo.
Contra quem mors non ausa est ire,
Nec telis eminus ferire,
Sunt quædam mortis non mortalia,
Sed ejus, nulla non lethalia.
Vixisset nunc, fatis invitis
Ingratiis famis, atque fitis,
Nec periturus tarda tabê
Sciaticâ nec lepræ labê,
Nec telis venenatis luis,
Nec ullis telis nisi suis,
Tutus ni capiti ruina
A sua inciderit, officinâ.

Wonder not at the doctor's age,
Nor that he outlived the long-lived Crow,
Whom Death himself durst not engage,
Lest Death himself he should overthrow.
Death had seen many, in many a shape,
Make their escape out of his jaws,
But never once saw one escape
On whom the doctor laid his paws.

Proof against hunger, ptytick, stone,
And even the pox's poison'd shafts;
Nought could destroy this skeleton,
But his own tools or his own draughts,
Which to himself at last applied,
Vanpurge, like all his patients, died.

 EPITAPH UPON A GENERAL.

HIC juxta, ita parcæ placet
 Carolus, imperator jacet :
 A Thameſi, dux, Dei gratiâ,
 Uſque ad Tanaim in Aſiâ :
 Danubii Faucibus, ad Gades ;
 Et ab Oceano, ad Hades.
 Unius Americanus
 Tribunus Plebis, non infanus.
 Dux Iroquenfium, non Tirannus
 Et adoptivus Calebannus *,
 Quem filia, Arguropodis,
 Semper amavit miris modis
 Redolens unguentis tota
 Fidelis ſobria et pota.
 Cui cupreâ faciê puellam,
 Peperit, Iroquium ſtellam,

* In the Iroquois language Caleban, his name of adoption, ſignifies boiling water.

TRANSLATED.

HERE lies, for so the envious Fates decree,
All that remains of general Charles Lee,
General and chieftain, by the Grace of God,
From Thames to Don, and Wolgian Novogrod.
From Danube and the Euxine, to the Straits,
And crosses the Atlantic Ocean to Hell gates.
A hardy tribune of the Yanky crew,
The only head, not crack'd entirely through.
Scourged by the Indians, buffeted, reviled,
And then adopted for a heaven-born child.
Silver Heel's son, by him named Boiling water,
Then given in wedlock to his virgin daughter ;
Replete with redolent and poignant charms,
A willing captive in a captive's arms,
Loving and kind, as Antony's warm gypsey,
With all her feeling true, sober or typsey.
From their endearments and keen embraces
Were born a pair of lovely copper faces.

Et filium cupreo colarê
Eodem partu, cum forarê.
Cui nasus similis, patri duro,
Incolu-mis, dum stetit puero.
Qui perdidit, O durum casum !
Pellicis in amplexu, nasum.
Sævus in Silvis sicut Leo,
Sibi plus tribuens, quam Deo,
Verberans caudâ, forte latus
Præda nec cædê satiatus,
Magnus in armis, stetit pater,
Nec sanguine, nec cæde satur.
Cui lingua pace et in bello
Scythico sævior flagello.
Crudeli knoutâ, Russi duri ;
Licetis virgis, et securi.
Nullo metuenda bono,
Nullo redimenda dono.
Pellem leoninam cito
Detraxit asino invito.
Merenti reddidit, haud secus
Merito, detractum decus.

A princess, ushered by the prince her brother
Twins, like each parent, more than like each other.
Cæsar his mother's, hapless darling once,
His father's awful image, cast in bronze,
Till a vile British harlot, as fame goes,
Destroy'd the likeness, with young Cæsar's nose.
As a stern lion, dauntless from the wood,
Lashing his angry tail in fullen mood,
Surveys his trembling enemies at bay
With foot, deep-rooted, in his breathless prey.
Such was the general, in the embattled field,
The lion's sovereign confidence his shield.
The lion's horrid voice to old and young
Impress'd less terror than his dreadful tongue,
A tongue that flay'd without the least compunction.
And left the bleeding caitiff without unction.
That never lick'd nor healed the wound it gave,
That never hurt the virtuous and brave.
That, like the Russian knout, extorted groans
From bowels, hearts, and hides, as hard as stones.
Sharp as the Roman Licitor's ax and rod,
Rigid as Jove's inexorable nod.

Nec ferro domitus nec igne,
Nec tactu Veneris malignæ,
Plicâ polonicâ, nec pestê,
Infesti dolo, nec infestæ.
Nascenti, musa perfaceta
I puer dixit, per insueta,
Regum contemnas, iram gravem,
Et vulgum, fortibus insuavem :
Herculis ritû, immortalis
Absit fortuna tandem talis
Ultimo, qui labore victus,
Unico periit monstro flictus.
Monstrum horrendum, cui nec lumen,
Nec vox est, mentis nec acumen.
Omphalæ, donum novercale
Junonis, Herculi fatale :
Nec Omphalæ soli privignæ
Sed quoties sponsæ doni dignæ.
Antæum, cerberum, et nessum,
Monstrum, non vicit indefessum,
Insu-

He stripp'd the boaster of his borrow'd skin,
 And laughing shew'd the dastard ass within,
 Nor less to modest right, humane and true,
 He gave back injured worth, its plunder'd due.
 Him sword, nor plague, nor famine, could con-
 sume,
 Nor Venus, foaming in a plaguy fume;
 Nor all the accumulated rage and might
 Of coward treachery and female spight.

Thus sung, exulting with prophetic mirth,
 A Cambrian Bard, inspired at Charles's birth :
 Intrepid Boy, go wander the world over,
 Through paths untrod by any antient rover;
 Despise the tyrant wrath of vengeful kings,
 The vulgar's worthless praise and Envy's stings.
 Like Hercules, immortal, toil through life,
 Trust your own strength with all things but a wife.
 Tame all, except one monster of your spouse's,
 Of aspect mild as any cat that mouses;
 Like modest Tabby, sporting with her prey,
 Before she draws the vital blood away.

A hor-

Insuperabile, sublatum *,

In aera, vel in terra stratum.

Feros et feras superare,

Cunnum non potuit domare.

* Insuperabile sublatum, &c.] Alluding to Antæus, invincible only whilst any part of him touched the ground. This monster is unconquerable in all situations, whether fixed to, moving upon the ground, or suspended in air.

A horrid monster that avoids the light,
And, silent as the grave, preys the whole night.
Given first to Omphale when Juno taught her,
To quell and make Alcides weak as water.
From her derived the fatal present came,
To many a jealous wife and virtuous dame.
Dragging his tail, subdued by magic fops,
Cerberus fawn'd, and dropp'd his greedy chops.
No fop, no chain, no lock that you can put on,
Can ever tame the ravenous dumb glutton.

TRANS.

EPITAPH UPON A LIVING SUBJECT.

HIC situm corpus, est Johannis,
Non adhuc labefactum annis,
Non duro senio, confectus
Sed puro tædio porrectus.
Nec paci nec idoneus bello,
Sepultus est in hoc castello.
Jam similis sapito gliri,
Vel sicut qui non nati viri.
Ut brutum fulmen, et inane,
Pontificum nunc minæ vanæ,
Nec minus vana sunt promissa
Creulis auribus commissa.
Quæ populo vendunt sagaces
Doctores, splendide mendaces.
Velut e speculâ, remote
Parochiæ ducê sacerdotê
Dæmonum visit olim cœtus
Et Angelorum choros, lætus.

Sic

TRANSLATED.

HERE lies the body of John H—,
Entomb'd within this castle-wall;
Impaired by time not overthrown,
Fairly subdued by Sloth alone.
Like one of Virgil's lazy cattle,
Unfit alike for peace or battle.
As snug and totally at rest
As dormice in their dormant nest.
Like souls unborn and unequipp'd,
A blank, of many a passion stripp'd.
That minds as much as these same weak ones
The threats of bishops, priests, and deacons.
And who the promises believes
Of priests and deacons and lawn sleeves,
As much as they themselves believe
All that they teach from morn to eve.
Which they are not to blame for teaching,
But those that pay them for their preaching.

When

Sic parvulis, collo sublati
 Matres Londinum monstrant natis.
 Sed eheu nunc, sub faxo latet
 Ut bufo, cui cælum non patet,
 Spê liber, vacuus dolorê
 Metû immunis, et amorê
 Nil illi dulce, nil decorum,
 Nec curia curæ est, nec forum.
 Est illi rex sedens in aulâ
 Ut vitulus edens in caulâ.
 Nec suaviloquio gaudet regis
 Tinnitu plus quam viri gregis,
 Nec vultu, conjugis fidelis,
 Tangitur plus quam vultu felis.
 Cui nobiles, sunt velut oves,
 Ephippia, vel optantes boves.
 Cui natæ procerum sunt pares
 Optantibus Juvencis Mares
 Cui, matres pares filiabus,
 Lascivis pares sunt equabus.

Quod

When young, by his parish priest's assistance,
He saw great marvels at a distance ;
He saw both heaven and hell below,
And also saw in heaven or hell,
But so far off they made no show,
All people that on earth do dwell,
As children lifted by the chin
See London town and all within.

But now shut up and left alone,
Like a poor toad under a stone,
Entrenched up to the teeth and nose,
He sees no more of these fine shows.
Flattering hope and soft belief,
And fear a trembling midnight thief,
From hence, long since are fled and gone,
And love no longer dwells with John.
Like tempests on a desert shore
Unheard the senates thunders roar ;
Nor the king's speech, nor king together,
Delight him, he's in such bad luck,

More

Quod ex nihilo, nil potest fieri
Ex quovis sciolo potest sciri
Ergo non jecur ei dolet,
Nec cor viventibus ut solet,
Amorê tactis, vel insanis
Famæ fulgaribus inanis.
Non aliter, quam Daphne victa,
Immobilis et derelicta,
Humi procumbens et detenta,
Insuperabilê, vî lentâ,
Inertiæ vi, jacet percussus,
Sine præcordiis infulsus.
Captus, nec redimendus vere,
Ni sepulchrali, tandem Plutus
Castello valeat Astutus
Johannem ære Ciere.

More than the bell of a bell-wether,
Or a young calf that wants to fuck.
Nor all his peereffes and peers,
And Lady Marys fresh or ftale,
No more than wanton mares or fteers,
And heifers prurient for a male.
Not even the queen, whom all admire,
Can ftrike one fpark of genial fire.

Something from nothing cannot flow,
As every fmatterer muft know :
Where there's no fubject, there's no ftory ;
No care into his breaft can fteal,
Neither the love of fame and glory,
Nor fuch as gentle fhepherds feel.
Like Daphne, flumbering in fome bower,
Seized and kept under as fhe lies,
Weighed down by a refiftlefs power,
That will not fuffer her to rife ;
The helplefs and abandon'd virgin
Feels all hopes over of emerging.

1870

Report of the Committee on the
Education of the Colored People
of the District of Columbia
for the year 1870
The Committee on the Education
of the Colored People of the
District of Columbia, in
compliance with a resolution
of the Board of Education,
passed on the 10th day of
January, 1870, have the
honor to submit to the Board
the following report for the
year 1870.

In such a hopeless forlorn plight
Passive he lies, depress'd at length,
With all the dead incumbent weight,
And energy of inert strength.
Dead to the world, himself, and friend,
And dead in fact world without end,
Unless at last the god of gold,
Storming his castle and strong hold,
Where he in torpid peace within is,
Rouse him with showers and peals of guineas.

A ROYAL EPITAPH.

SCHOLARUM pugil et Lanista,

Rex Solomon Septentrionis

Cui Pater erat litharista

Et mater, mater ut Neronis,

Doctor, et focius magiæ ritus,

Jacobus * concacatus dictus,

Artem reponit hic invitus,

Et cæstus logicos invictus.

Fælices pueri qui rurê,

Aulâ remoti latitabant !

Fælices anus et impuræ,

Quæ sine corticê natabant !

Nam pueris injectans manus

Aulicis, omnes pædicavit,

Nata-tui ; Depyges anus

Omnes inhabiles necavit.

* One of the Constantines was, in like manner, called Copronymus or Stercoreus.

TRANSLATED.

THE champion of scholastic heroes,
Solomon James, foully bewrayed,
Whose mother was as chaste as Nero's,
And fiddling was his father's trade,

Lies here, and with him lie his tools,
His king-craft, and his conjuror's staff;
His logic, chopp'd small, for the schools,
Was blown away before like chaff.

Happy the youths kept far from court,
To virtue trained, by parents fond;
Blest the old women that could sport,
And swim like otters in a pond.

For all young men that came near him
Were spoiled, within that magic ground,
And all old maids that could not swim
Must swim; or else, like cats, be drowned.

Pœna fit, illi nec severa,
Fodicet lemures, et stryges,
Lt terram rediens, noctê ferâ
Vetulas incubus depyges.

May he now meet his just reward,
May he each night come from the shades,
And toil all night and labour hard,
An incubus upon old maids.

And when the witches faboth comes,
May he attend the witches call,
Mumbling their spells with toothless gums,
And be the ram * that rides them all.

* King James, in his *Dæmonology*, says, that a devil, in the shape of a black ram, performs this office for the witches at their grand assemblies, which he describes with all the minuteness of an eye-witness.

EPITAPH FOR HIS GRANDSON,
CHARLES II.

IMMORTAL Henry *, Great and Good,
The only King by right divine ;
One drop of James's wizard blood
Spoiled every generous drop of thine !

Here lies thy grandfon's wicked bones,
Never to be reftored again ;
His brother refts with fainted drones,
And ends, thank heaven, the Stewarts reign.

* Henry Fourth, king of France.



NÆNIA MONASTICA.

QUIETE jam sopita jacent,
Et omnia læta rura tacent,
Quæ luna lucê incertâ pingit,
Et quæ non certa, certa fingit.

Lugubris prope, turris patet
Rustici fani, fanum latet :
Cujus umbratilis figura,
Sepulchra tegit nubê obscurâ.

Noctua carmen hic ferule,
Culminê cantat mortuale.
Alternans ventus, claustris mugit,
Et claustra, vespertilio fugit.

Ingenii

Ingenii filia lienosa,
Miracula promit hic speciosa,
Phantasia, Germana metus,
Et audit gemitus et fletus.

Hæc inter tristia, Graii tristis
Queriter umbra, tristior istis,
Nec apud mortuos colonus,
Mœstus, mœstitiæ posuit onus.

Mortis dilapsa tranans Ædes
Has horâ fuetâ petit sedes,
Per sedes fuetas itque redit-
que Et horâ fuetâ gemens cedit.

Hic conditi jacent inanes,
Poetæ lachrymosi manes,
Juxta pastores et misellas
Amoris victimas puellas.

Canit

Canit flebiliter et canet
Per ora virûm volitabit,
Dum ruri cæmeterium manet
Aut cæmeterio fanum flabit,

Wrote at Old Park Abbey,
the seat of his friend Dr.
Wharton, Dec. 26, 1773.

IMITATED.

A MONASTIC ELEGY.

Now silence in the woodlands reigns,
Whilst the pale Goddess of the night,
Shoots o'er the waters and the plains
A trembling and delusive light.

Illumin'd by her magic beams,
That steeple rears its solemn head,
The shadowed turf a mantle seems,
Spread o'er the mansions of the dead.

Singing her mortuary dirge,
There fits the owl till break of day,
Responsive, through the cloister'd verge,
Winds howl and drive the bat away.

There

There musing Fancy takes her stand,
The child of Genius and of Spleen,
And waves her visionary wand,
To realize her pictur'd scene.

She calls Gray's spirit from the tomb,
To take his mournful midnight round,
And sees him gliding through the gloom,
Within these favourite precincts bound.

Pursuing with her brain-mock'd eye
The circling gleam that marks his way,
And hears his lengthen'd parting sigh,
Returning to his bed of clay.

With many a love-lost maid and swain
There lies the cemetery bard,
There shall the Muse of sorrow reign
Till corn shall grow in Paul's Church-yard.

AN OLD RECEIPT FOR A TROUBLESOME DISORDER.

LET jealous blockheads agonize and fret,
Waste all their wealth, their study, time, and skill,
O'er wavering virtue watchful senteries set,
To keep their spouses chaste against their will.

In lofty domes enclosed and painted bowers,
With costly worship though their idols shine,
Cover'd with Orient gems in glittering showers,
They pine and sicken in their gilded shrine.

Or led in triumph through a gazing crowd,
Like Ægypt's goddess, Isis, Heifer, Queen,
That nods her golden horns in semblance proud,
But longs to sport and couch upon the green.

Make not your mate an object for parade,
A picture placed for artist eyes to view,
Or fancy-figure of a masquerade,
That pleases only whilst the fancy's new.

The

The fruits of commerce, the rewards of war,
Your riches rescued from the treacherous main,
The painful harvest of the fordid bar,
Let her preserve without your farther pain.

Let household cares employ her hands and head,
At table treat her like a vestal pure,
Make her the wife and mistress of your bed.
Believe her faithful, and you'll find her sure.

AN
EPISTLE
TO
A FRIEND,

UPON HEARING THAT HE WAS CANVASSING
AGAINST THE NEXT GENERAL ELECTION.

Nov. 11, 1778.

Respue quod non es : tollat sua munera cerdo,
Tecum habita, et noris quam fit tibi curta supellex.

Perfius, Sat. IV. v. 51.

EPHRAIM

A FRIEND

FROM THE FACT THAT HE WAS CONSIDERED
THE MOST GENEROUS AFFECTION

THE 15th

THE 15th of the month of the year 1815
The 15th of the month of the year 1815
The 15th of the month of the year 1815

AN EPISTLE, &c.

'T IS easier to know, by far
What we are not, than what we are.
A man may feel without much pain,
And own he has no athletic brain ;
But still will never know the fact,
If it be ricketty or crackt.
Mifs may perceive, though no one taught her,
Her eyes are not of the first water ;
No brilliants, but the true goose-eye
Mifs in her glafs will never spy ;
For in her round white eyes the girl
Sees the mild lustre of the pearl.
That I am no great wit or poet
I know: the criticks do not know it.
But what I am, in spite of pride,
I know no more than my backside.

All know the strongest man and meekest.
And I can tell who is the weakest :

“ The man that pays five thousand pound
“ Unforced, and without any grumbling,
“ For leave to sit in Rotten Ground
“ Within a Rotten House that ’s tumbling :
“ With further leave upon occasion,
“ Either upon his legs or seat,
“ To shew the fages of the nation
“ The model of a fool, complete,
“ In style, voice, figure, look, and action,
“ Even to Garrick’s satisfaction.”

This cap, whose bells to Midas ears,
Sound like the music of the spheres,
Can by no means your head-piece fit,
You only paid for leave to fit ;
Now from your passion, I’m appealing
To your good sense and sober feeling.

You

You know you are not Burke nor Barré,
Ready to fly at any quarry ;
You neither want the means nor skill,
But you don't know you want the will.
Without an unremitting force
Man has but half a will of course,
And none, excepting womankind,
Get what they want with half a mind.
By some repulsive power within
You are check'd the moment you begin ;
Like a spring fix'd to shut a door,
That drives it back for evermore.
To fly at magpies, jays, and crows,
Is not the thing that you propose ;
What you propose, you have tried before ;
And, if you're wise, you'll try no more.
What must be done, then ? faith, dear honey,
Do any thing—but waste your money.
I ne'er learnt aught from men of letters,
Nor school-men, school-boys are their betters :

The wise ones spend it not in trash,
But whip their gigs and keep their cash.
Play then, no matter with what toy,
Play within bounds, like a good boy.

AN
EPISTLE
FROM
JOHN ME, ESQUIRE,
TO
HIS EXCELLENCE MY LORD SELF.

—E cœlo descendit γυνῶθι σεαυτὸν.

Juv. Sat. II. v. 27.

Quid tibi vis? calido sub pectore mascula bilis
Intumuit, quam non extinxerit urna cicutæ.

PERSIUS, Sat. V. v. 145

EPISTLE

JOHN ME. ESQUIRE

His Excellency Mr. Lord Self.

Dear Sir, I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration. I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
John Me. Esquire.

AN EPISTLE, &c.

MY LORD,

WHETHER from courtesy or grace,
 Custom or patent from the King,
 Your Lordship's preface and place
 To me is an establish'd thing.
 Whatever titles kings devise,
 I always take for current pay,
 Whether their royal heads are wise,
 Or only made of common clay :
 And as to custom, seldom mind,
 Whether it serves for any use,
 We may be thankful when we find
 A custom is not an abuse.
 From the same fire and dam we draw
 Our form and likeness to each other.
 If I am wiser, common law
 Assigns it to the younger brother :

You

You have more money, I more mettle,
 I will not be like you, my Lord,
 As we have an account to fettle,
 I'll pay my debts before I hoard.
 I would not pay you what I owe you,
 If I could cheat you without shame,
 And yet I love you, though I know you ;
 Where is the man can say the same ?

Old Flaccus took himself to task,
 And old Montaigne himself unravels,
 They'll shew you how, you need but ask,
 They are both at hand, in all your travels.
 I do not mean, that you and they
 Are like the three of whom we read ;
 " Voila trois tetes dans un bonnet :"
 Which is a Riddle, not a Creed.
 If one improve at any rate,
 Be it by sapience or dreaming,
 Though it may seem to come too late,
 I hold it not at all unseeming.

Were

Were they, by their fine curtain-lectures,
In fact improv'd? that I'll not swear,
The fact rests wholly on conjectures,
If you will take their words they were.

Come, then, I'll open you my budget,
It is not like Pandora's box,
Nor North's; replete, as patriots judge it,
With the Scotch itch, and the French pox.
'Tis much more like an old wife's potion
Of Sir John Pringle's, or a charm;
Or any other anile motion,
That may do good and does no harm.

You have committed many a folly,
And told me to my face I did it;
Rather than see you melancholly
Perhaps I did not quite forbid it;
But there are follies I could name,
Some of them past all understanding.

Freaks

Freaks which I utterly disclaim ;
 Pranks, none of which I had no hand in.
 I drop this point, I am no stranger
 To your repentance, and know why
 In many points you are out of danger
 Of going now so much awry.

Who made your Lordship four and proud ?
 Not I ; you must give me my due :
 I was, and always was allow'd,
 Quite the reverse, till spoil'd by you.
 'Twas you, not me, that was suspicious,
 Of those that never meant you ill,
 When you said any thing malicious
 'Twas you that spoke against my will,
 When you were bouncing like a squib,
 I whisper'd you, and bid you shun it ;
 Instead of teaching you to fib
 I made you blush, when you had done it.
 You made folks laugh that else would sleep ;
 Truly a very fine defence ;

They

They would not let ME off so cheap,
 You made them laugh at my expence.
 My Lord, I speak it to your glory,
 When arguments could not prevail,
 I have prevailed, by a short story ;
 Therefore I'll tell you a short tale :

“ A lord, like many of the land,
 “ There was, that scorn'd to balk his passions :
 “ He gave the ton, I understand,
 “ To all the Macaroni fashions :
 “ This Lord was over head and ears
 “ In love, you'll find in modern histories—
 “ Love with himself; for it appears,
 “ Like you, he had no other mistress.
 “ He let the Arena stroke and pat him ;
 “ She laugh'd, with prudence, in her sleeve,
 “ At table, whether she laugh'd at him
 “ Or with him, how should he perceive?
 “ His love, she knew, was fix'd and true :
 “ She did not laugh at him for this ;
 “ She

“ She laugh’d at him, because she knew

“ He had no business with a miss.”

Where none could suffer but ourselves;

You were my pilot night and day ;

Driven, by the rapids, amongst shelves

And quicksands, we were cast away.

As to the faults of constitution,

I took with you my natural share,

They might be help’d with resolution,

But that was more than we could bear.

Expos’d to many a footy flatus,

That blows out of the devil’s bellows,

Vapours to flatten or elate us,

We must be always foolish fellows,

Who was it put you upon rhyming ?

I did ; to find you an employment

I pull’d the string, and left you chiming,

I wound you up for your enjoyment.

For the same purpose, or a better,

I made you pore in books and poke,

Till

Till you could hardly see a letter,
Till it was almost past a joke.

What would become of you, do you think,
Was I to leave you quite and clean,
To take away your pen and ink,
And leave you nothing but your spleen?
Forgetting all you have read or wrote,
Some fair enchantress of the town,
The rustling of a petticoat,
Might turn your wisdom upside down.
Strange passions in an evil hour
Come unawares ; and what's more sad,
Even when men have lost all power,
But that of running filly mad.
Without assistance from above,
Or such a faithful friend as me,
Who knows but you may fall in love
Like Dashwood, when you are sixty-three.

The

The Caput Mortuum, we descry,
Of vice, in Harrington's inanity,
But in a doatard's love-sick eye,
The Caput Mortuum of insanity.

1778,
November 25.

A MON-

A MONSIEUR LE GENERAL HALE.

DES escuiers le monde entier
 Aujourd'hui mangera ma soupe,
 Venez pour nous *Desécuier*
 Avec vos dames en croupe.
Desécuier veut dire, en somme,
 Polir nos mœurs, lier nos ames :
 D'écuier, faire un honnête homme,
 Chose fort aisée à vos dames.
 Sans femme, le plus grand délice
 N'est qu'un plaisir sauvage et mince,
 Sans Général, brave milice,
 N'est que milice de Province.
 Sans dames, dans le premier cas,
 Grande tempête et point de fêtes,
 Une fête ne feroit qu'un repas,
 Ou table d'hôte, pour des bêtes.
 Dans le second, le plus beau corps
 A ce que je croie,
 Brave et vétéran encor,
 Ne feroit bon que pour un feu de joie.

Le Pape, par la Grace de Dieu,
Est le seul prince sur la terre,
Qui se passe de tous les deux,
Sans femme, sans guerre,
Vraiment de Dieu c'est le Vicaire.
Pour contenir tous les impies,
Et tous les fots, voilà ce qu'il faut,
Une femme, force d'amies,
Un Général, et ses suppôts.

OR. 15, 1775.

TRANS-

TRANSLATION,

FOR THE TEA-TABLE.

TO-day our Cleveland squires dine here,
 You can't conceive how you'll admire us,
 If you will come, and in your rear,
 Bring up your ladies to unsquire us?
 When an adept will undertake him
 She can unsquire her man with ease;
 She makes the squire at once forsake him
 When once she makes him wish to please.
 On earth whatever is delightful,
 Grateful or pleasant above measure,
 Without a female soon grows frightful,
 Or gives one greater pain than pleasure.
 Without a General, you know,
 And every creature understands,
 What is an army but a show,
 Like the militia, and train-bands?

Would not our horse, and foot, and guards,
Be good for nought but a review?
Or to sit down and play at cards,
Or gallop with the King to Kew?
Without the ladies all our feasts,
As I'm a sinner amongst sinners,
Are only ord'naries for beasts,
Like fox-hunters or horse-race dinners.
The Pope, throughout his papal-life,
No other Prince, the Pope alone,
Has neither general nor wife,
I mean, no lady of his own.
Exempt from war, free from desire,
In peace profound he spends his days,
The dew of heaven quenches his fire,
The grace of God keeps him from frays.
A favour that's bestowed so rarely,
And not the privilege of birth,
Proves all their holinesses fairly
To be God's vicars upon earth,

Folks

Folks without grace lead no such lives,
 And without grace, 'tis no great wonder :
 We must have generals and wives,
 And mistresses to keep us under,

Oct. 15, 1775.

Q3

PANTY'S

PANTY'S SWEETHEART.

AS stiff as a stake, with a light wanton air,
Consumptive and heftick, and worse for the wear :
No tooth in her head, like a hen in the moot,
From her rump to her toppin as bare as a coot :
If her lips are like rubies and warm as a toast,
Her face is as thin and as pale as a ghost :
Eat up with the vapours ; as dry as a stick ;
And her breath is enough to make a dog sick :
In spite of her vapours and pestilent breath,
That would soon put a poor mackarony to death,
Her Panty, quite lost in a sea of delight,
Enraptur'd, can feast on her lips the whole night ;
Can cheer, with warm kisses, the gloomiest day,
And find in November the sweetness of May.
Yet so frail is his love, when ardently pres'd,
'Tis so easy to kindle a flame in her breast :

Though

Though her fovereign to-night, he knows to his
forrow,

His footman, perhaps, may succeed him to-morrow.

If, after all this, you are hard of belief,

And would fain know her name—turn over the leaf.

A PIPE OF TOBACCO.

A
SENTIMENTAL DIALOGUE
BETWEEN
TWO SOULS,
IN THE
PALPABLE BODIES
OF AN
ENGLISH LADY OF QUALITY
AND AN
IRISH GENTLEMAN.

M DCC LXVIII.

*Tristram Shandy presents his compliments to the Gentlemen
of Ireland, and begs their acceptance of a Sentimental
Offering, as an Acknowledgment due to the Country
where he was born.*

PREFATORY CHAPTER.

I Neither say, nor ever shall say, that it consists in the frequency; Heaven forbid it should! but I do say, believe, and maintain, that the happiness of life depends upon it.

As a total privation embitters all other blessings, an abundance thereof is more than a palliative for every evil under the sun. In low life, how inventive! how subtle! how full of resources! even to lay the storms of adversity under contribution! Like the Switz peasant, buried in his cottage for three long winter months under a mountain of snow, it turns the most dreary and uncomfortable habitation into kind asylum from the inclemency of fortune.

How sharp is the tooth of adversity! how terrible are its ghastly wounds! Your favourite child drowned! a hog jostled him over the bank into the river as he was playing with his companions by the water side.

Your

Your cow, the support of three others, lost in labour; and the flattering hopes of a golden calf for ever blasted! Hunger, where is thy sting? Nakedness, where is thy reproach?—Within that tattered blanket thou wilt find consolation and refreshment, and pass, perhaps, as precious moments as my Lord Mayor in his connubial bed of damask—the motto on which I have always looked upon as foolish, wicked, and presumptuous.

—O Lord, shew us the way—*Dirige nos, Domine*; foolish, because it is against a wise rule without an exception—*nec Deus interfit nisi dignus vindice nodus*—presumptuous and wicked, as it audaciously presupposes a sufficient ability annexed to the incumbent; of performing the journey by himself, without any antecedent preparation—except a guide.—After all, I believe it is only a mistake of the Court of Aldermen—if they had consulted their chaplain upon the occasion, he would have set them right—
for

for they undoubtedly meant to say *Erige nos, Domine*—
that it may please thee to raise up those that fall, to
strengthen such as do stand, and to comfort and help
the weak-hearted—for the rest, he would have said,
my Lady Mayorefs will, as in duty bound, infal-
libly continue to direct and guide you in the right
way.

VOL. XII.—CHAP. XIII.

TELL Lady Betty Oméga that breakfast waits—her Ladyship is coming, your Honour—my dear, you look divinely to-day—you absolutely grow younger—there is no impossibility in growing handsomer, Sir Phelim—kind treatment may do that without a miracle; but as to growing younger, it is one of those fashionable compliments that rather mortifies than pleases—besides the foolish vanity it supposes in the person it is addressed to—it insinuates that one's beauty, in the natural course of things, ought to be in its declension.

However, if I really am handsomer to-day than I was yesterday, it cannot be helped—I know I am

quite a journal; I am *journaliere*, and I ask yesterday's pardon; besides, you know I never look well in a morning without I have a very good night—now and then I have observed, Lady Betty, that a very good morning has produced the same effect—upon the whole, Lady Betty, few people have better nights than your Ladyship, which is the reason, I suppose, of your looking so much handsomer in a morning than most women in general do.—Sir Phelim, I confess, from your behaviour, I have no reason to think time has made any great havock of my charms.—I heartily wish that all my country-women, who have been as long married, and have had as many children, could say the same thing—but tenderness is little known, and attention less to the moody husbands of this island.—You seem to make a distinction, my dear, where there is none. If there is tenderness, there will be attention of course; at least the latter cannot exist without the former for a length of years, with that *rigour* and *punctuality* that, I flatter myself, mine has always been marked with; but as
you

you were going to pass a compliment indirectly upon my countrymen, Lady Betty, give me leave, as their representative, to shew you for once, that it is possible for an Irishman to possess a small share of modesty:—with your permission, therefore, we will change the subject.

—What have you got in your hand, my dear?—
 An employment [for you, Sir Phelim—Nothing can come more à-propos, my dear, for I am woefully *desœuvré*; I have just received an account that my behaviour in our silly parliament has incurred the indignation of the Almighty; and this notification is accompanied with a ministerial thunder-bolt; that is, I must put on sackcloth, or turn out of my Irish employment. The condition tells you that I have resigned, and am ready to accept of one from you, upon any terms.—’Tis what I have long expected, Sir Phelim; but thanks to my uncle, who is in Heaven, they cannot so easily turn you out of a good English estate.—These foolish people don’t know
 that

that we can make a shift to exist comfortably, even in the country, with hardly a christian to converse with.—Our resources that way are certainly few.—The parson's wife, you know, is only a christian by courtesy, as her husband is a gentleman.—My neighbour, your flirtation in former days, when you were a knight in arms, is of the dubious kind.—I always recall that scene with pleasure.—The first time I ever saw you, Sir Phelim, was at the widow Wadman's; at that time a fine romping girl, just upon the point of marriage with her late husband: a very unsuitable match, I thought, both as to age, disposition, and constitution; then and there were you doing duty upon her, after a review ball, where you had the honour to be her partner.—However, as the widow possesses three good points of christianity, faith, hope, and charity—at least passive charity—if you will answer for the active—for her good works, Sir Phelim, she shall pass for a christian in this position—with such aid de camps would I bury myself alive with you, Sir Phelim, rather than bend to the

very best of them—my family-pride is not a bit lessened by my connection with you.—I shall never forget my saucy sneering brother's speech to me before we were married—I had twenty reasons for which you must give me credit for never mentioning it to you till this moment.—Lady Betty, said he, I hear you are going to be married to one of the greatest O's in all Ireland.—Our family, sister, is proud enough without bringing so great a personage into it to make it prouder—A prince, they tell me; the thirteenth of his illustrious name—a circumstance that, I think, Lady Betty will not overlook in the number of his accomplishments.—In order to understand this, which Lady Betty herself possibly never did *altogether*, I must inform the reader, that it was a custom in the Irish Thanistry, which is still continued by some of the ancient families of that kingdom, for the Thane, as also for the heir apparent at the age of twenty-four, to make his trial of manhood.

After

After the caroufal, they proclaim the number of lances that he breaks in the ring ; by which proclamation he acquires a right to add the number to his name as a title of distinction.—This custom was preserved in Sir Phelim's family—his grandfather was Artus the Ninth—his father Manus the Eleventh—and he himself Phelim the Thirteenth.

Sir John Davies, in his Reports upon Cafes in Irish Thanistry, makes no mention of this usage ; from whence I conclude, that the native, or, as he calls them, the meer Irish, were unwilling to part with that Thanish prerogative ; he grounds the legal discountenance of Irish customs upon their unreasonableness and inconvenience ; and this usage falling under the same general reason, ought to have been abolished like the rest ; for it can never appear, that the breaking so great a number of lances, consecutively upon a given day, was either reasonable or convenient.—Lady Betty, for your compliment

of burying yourself alive with me, I can do no less than burn myself alive with you. We both speak metaphorically; but I mean plainly, that I shall always retain the same ardent passion.—As to your brother, I know his Lordship has often thought proper to make me the subject of his wit—but I had rather talk about my employment—If it is in the least inconsistent with my obligations to Lady Betty, mind, I renounce it.—I think you are well enough acquainted with that, Lady Betty, Sir Phelim, to be sure, that she will never engage you in an undertaking to her own wrong—You must be sensible, my dear, laying one hand upon his whilst she poured out a basin of tea with the other—how uncommonly tenacious I am of my own right—I know nobody that holds it faster, or maintains it more resolutely, said Sir Phelim, with an equivocal smile, which Lady Betty received with a suffusion that went off in a fimper. I know, said he, my dear, his mouth returning to its natural decorum, and his eyes only reflecting the fimper back again—I know you

are

are tenacious of your right, at the same time doing homage to her hand, as an acknowledgement of her claim. That picture upon your bracelet, said he, is not more your property than the original—All the merit of either is derived from the situation in which you have placed them—Your muffin will be cold, Sir Phelim—but why omit my friend Toby, Lady Betty, out of your christian catalogue? What do you take him for, my dear? Not for a Mahometan, Sir Phelim, believe me—I dare say he would sooner doubt his own than the immateriality of the widow's soul. What is your opinion of the widow's soul, Sir Phelim?—Nothing but matter can touch, or be touched, says my Lucretius and your Marchetti. Do you think matter can make any impression there, Sir Phelim?—My dear Lady Betty, it is the only foible you have, and one so flattering in some respects to the person you intend it for, that he may very well bear with—upon my honour and conscience—I know 'tis in vain—and seriously, upon any other point, I should feel myself mortified, to find such a declaration heard

with a smile of incredulity by Lady Betty—which puts me in mind of Toby, for I had almost lost him—Toby, then, is no Mahometan, and I defy you to make a Jew of him; so if he is not a Christian, he must be something, whatever that be, very near as good—his elder brother is at your service—make what you will of him, I think him as queer a Heathen as Diogenes, or any crack-brained philosopher amongst them—his Lady has, indeed, the air of a scripture-piece under the old coverture—but none of the languishing penitence of Magdalen; none of the sweet resignation of a hundred beauties that ministered in the new covenant—but as I was saying, or going to say, I wish we were this moment upon that famous topic which, you may remember, was cut short so ridiculously—nice situations and trying points was the subject.

—Poor Toby, how wretchedly must he have come off with his refinements upon self-denial, if he could have had an opportunity to reduce them to practice

practice—nothing I fear less than contempt from that exalted being for whose sake he spun them so fine—you cannot have forgot his astonishment at the case I put, the widow present—I steal to the captain's bed with my bed-gown loose, disorder in my eyes, a glow upon my cheeks, a taper in my trembling hand, and a story of a ghost upon my faltering tongue, with other pretty circumstances that you have ingeniously and generously thrown in! I am infinitely obliged to you, Sir Phelim, both for your drawing and the kind use you have made of it.—Upon which Toby made a low bow—your Ladyship's politeness gave you the slip, you could hold out no longer, and a loud laugh was the consequence.—Never bow was more misplaced—never bow more involuntary, not excepting the mechanical bow of a whole congregation—I can compare it only to the bow of a felon when a judge has passed sentence of death upon him.—Compare it to nothing, Sir Phelim, let it stand by itself, as it is very well able to do—and then, Lady Betty, that charming

mixture of confusions between them, quite of different natures, and from separate causes. The apology, too, as extraordinary as the bow ; in short, it was altogether one of those scenes the French call *impayable*.—I remember it well, my dear, and was quite delighted when you stepped up to his assistance ; it was painful to see so good a creature suffer—but I own I had not those feelings for Mrs. Wadman—our observations were the same with respect to the different natures and causes of their confusion—Every body is not blessed with our penetration, Sir Phelim—I wish you would bestow a little of your's upon your poor friend—I cannot spare him a bit of mine ; you know I have occasion for it all, Sir Phelim—But you shake your noddle at me and begin to look whimsical ; let us leave off, then, just as abruptly as you and Toby did—I am very compassionate when I see people struggling with their misfortunes, and endeavouring to conceal their distress ; so prepare to receive your employment with a double acknowledgement.—What I brought down to breakfast was a

review—

review—I hope your Ladship is not so unmerciful as to turn me over to the company of Caledonian pedlars—a laudable partiality to the learned Irish, Sir Phelim—upon my word, Lady Betty, those northern lights always chill me.—If you had said blights, Sir Phelim, the conceit would have been more intelligible—I do think a western aspect more genial; but I tell you now, Sir Phelim, they shall not chill you—on the contrary, I have brought you a Greek epigram that will make you warm with laughing.

—Then it is none of their translation, I'll be sworn—it is not, Sir Phelim—the translation may be a very good one, and I hope it will—but at present there is none at all.—These gentlemen declare it is a case of laughter reserved only for the *bonne bouche* of those who understand Greek.

—Here a pause ensued by an attempt of Sir Phelim to make a diversion.—Pshaw, Sir Phelim, I will have

have my way at least for once in my life—Now I understand you—As a dabbler in that language, and in poetry, you are willing to contribute to my entertainment in every shape—I have as little opinion of their reserved cases as of their criticisms ; and I heartily wish, both for my sake, and every body's sake, that they would always write in Greek.—For your sake, Sir Phelim ! God forbid you should ever turn author—If I should, Lady Betty, I am no Tory.—I can never attempt to impose the slavish doctrine upon a pupil of Mrs. Macaulay—that *writing* is the same thing as *acting*—besides, a bird in the hand, Lady Betty.—The reader may imagine that he spoke metaphorically a second time—by no means—it was literally so—Phelim the Thirteenth had actually put a bird into Lady Betty's hand—but she resolutely followed her purpose, without parting, however, with the bird already in her possession.

—I confess, Sir Phelim, I have a violent curiosity ; by which it appears that curiosity is the strongest passion

passion of the sex—I won't absolutely call it a longing, because you may refuse me, if you chuse rather to amuse yourself than gratify me; but if you are not *positively determined*, most certain it is, I have an impatience to know what that risible subject can be that nobody must laugh at that does not understand Greek—and which they say is published for the emolument of a grave and learned bench.—That may be, said Sir Phelim, running his eye over it, but they have not paid much regard to the ease and interest of the ladies, in whose beds, after the fatigues of the bench, their gravities repose, like Phœbus in the lap of Thetis—You provoking wretch you, don't tantalize me so; my dear Sir Phelim, translate it directly, put me out of my pain, and make me as merry as a Greek—pronounced short and quick by way of what the rhetoricians call a paronomasia, which is only a pun upon grig—at the same time, either to shew her firmness and contempt of all vulgar opinions, or because she knew she could recover it when she pleased, she let go her bird.—If that is
the

the case, my dear—deuce take the epigram—the sooner I set about it the better.—But I must tell you, my dear, 'tis not only shockingly obscene, but abominable.—I'll try, however, to give it a twist and change the situation, and see what that will do—for your's is really a longing case, Lady Betty, or you never would have thrown cold water upon my proposal for a compromise—therefore, as I cannot think of amusing myself exclusively, I'll proceed to an employment more agreeable to Lady Betty—very complaisant on your side, most disinterested Sir Phelim—So then, in obedience to my commands, you are proceeding, I see, to the writing table—how long do you think you will be proceeding about it?—Not long—scarce so long as the time of action in the drama.—How should I know how long that is?—Why, then, give me, Lady Betty, a quarter of an hour for the whole performance—but don't leave the room—if you do, I'll throw up my employment—And if you do, Sir Phelim—you shall have no other—till you shew your abilities in the office I have
assigned

assigned you—still the strongest proofs of the superiority and absolute dominion of curiosity—in the mean time I'll write a few cards—then give a loose to meditation, and try whether I can, by dint of ingenuity, arrive at any sort of guess about the emolument—Lady Betty, the *quart d'heure de Rabelais* is over—my reckoning is paid—great wits don't always jump—I'll lay you double the value that you have not hit upon the true emolument—but have you given it the twist you talked of, and changed the situation?—I have very properly, and I hope effectually, my dear—there is nothing in it now—either against the law or the gospel—before, it was in open defiance of both—and for that reason, no doubt, it afforded so much entertainment to our modest and chaste criticks, that they selected it out of a whole bundle for such merry Grecians as themselves—here it is for you, Lady Betty—take it, and much good may it do you.

THE EMOLUMENT, OR THE WAY TO CONVERT
FEMALE SINNERS.

WHAT ! big with child, and face to face !
Will you be foolish all your lives ?
This is the proper time and place
To make *true converts* of your wives :
Give them no comfort, nor relief,
Till they turn over a new leaf.
Let them be brought upon their knees—
In night-caps muffled, like deserters,
Then work upon them by degrees,
Like gentle and humane *converters*—
Take time exactly in the nick,
Make the best use of their condition,
Push home, and touch them to the quick,
Till they give signs of true contrition.

Convert from *Cunnum vertere*. Contrition from
Cunnum terere.

JACOB'S Law Dictionary.

I am

I am forry, Sir Phelim, I gave you so much trouble—what you have made of it you know best—twisting enough there is of conscience ; but how you can value yourself upon mending the situation, I don't comprehend—it is not easy to conceive a worse—this good it has done me, however—I never will be so peremptory in my curiosity again—for the future, Sir Phelim, you shall go on in your own way.

—But pray, Sir Phelim, read the Greek—how do you like it, my dear?—it is very musical—what's the meaning of *pugie*, *πυγή*, Sir Phelim?—So pretty a sound ought to have a pretty meaning—you are in the right of it—for it is a complex idea of beauty, modesty, firmness, joined with great sensibility and an air of grandeur and dignity into the bargain.—And pray what does that complication of merit mean?—Upon honour it means your Ladyship's backside—and upon my honour I had much rather
it

it stood for another complex idea, particularly in our situation.—Here I must step in again to inform the reader, that Sir Phelim lived near White Hall, the house fronting the water, by which means Lady Betty's ears were often wounded by that vulgar monosyllable, which is the disgrace of our language, and which those low people are so fond of for its peculiar roughness—in Greek it does very often stand for that complex idea—I don't know whether 'tis Greek or Hebrew, or what it stands for, but it sounds very like Italian—what do you laugh at, Sir Phelim—some conceit, I suppose, that I cannot enter into.—It is not fit you should, my dear—Fit, or unfit, my curiosity is at an end.—But don't let us lose this fine day, Sir Phelim;—I don't intend you should, my dear—The chariot is already at the door—I'll just step up stairs with you and lay you on a little rouge, because I propose to leave you with Reynolds this morning for an hour or two—Rouge always gives, you know, at least I know, an inexpressible sweetness to your eyes—besides, it
may

may not be so adviseable to leave you with him to-morrow—you may not, perhaps, have so good a night, nor so good a morning—Go, you foolish creature, said Lady Betty, locking her arm in his.—Thus talking, arm in arm, with Miltonick happiness, they ascended into Lady Betty's dressing-room, and from thence (after he had laid on the rouge) descending in the same manner, they stepped into the chariot, and drove to

REYNOLDS's.

THE END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

[20]

may not be so desirable to leave you with them to-
morrow—you may not perhaps have to go a
night, nor to good a morning—(Oh, you would
excuse this little thing, looking at him in the
faint light, and with his black hair—)



and from the
determining
easier, and

REYNOLDS

THE END OF THE SECOND VOLUME

